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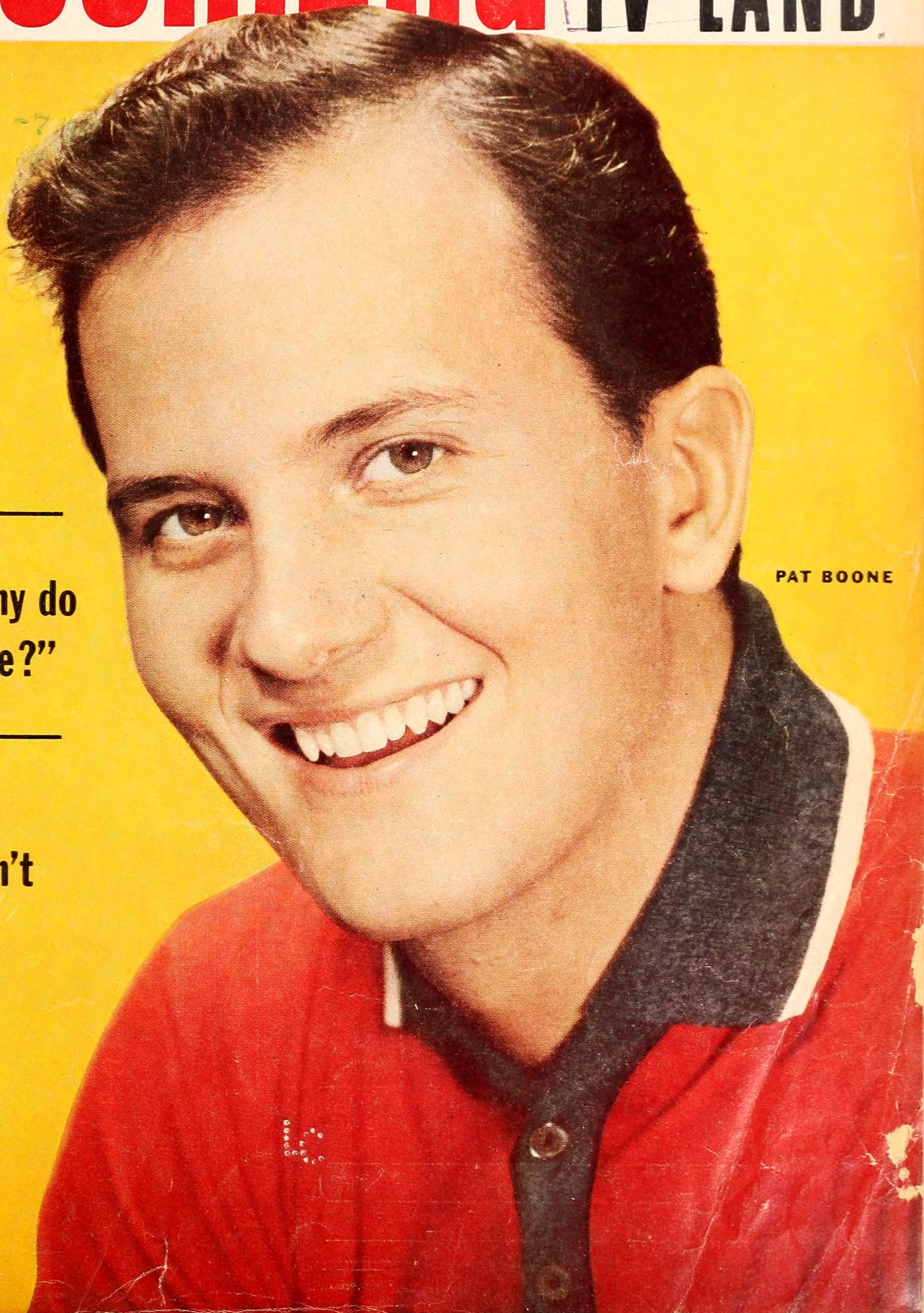
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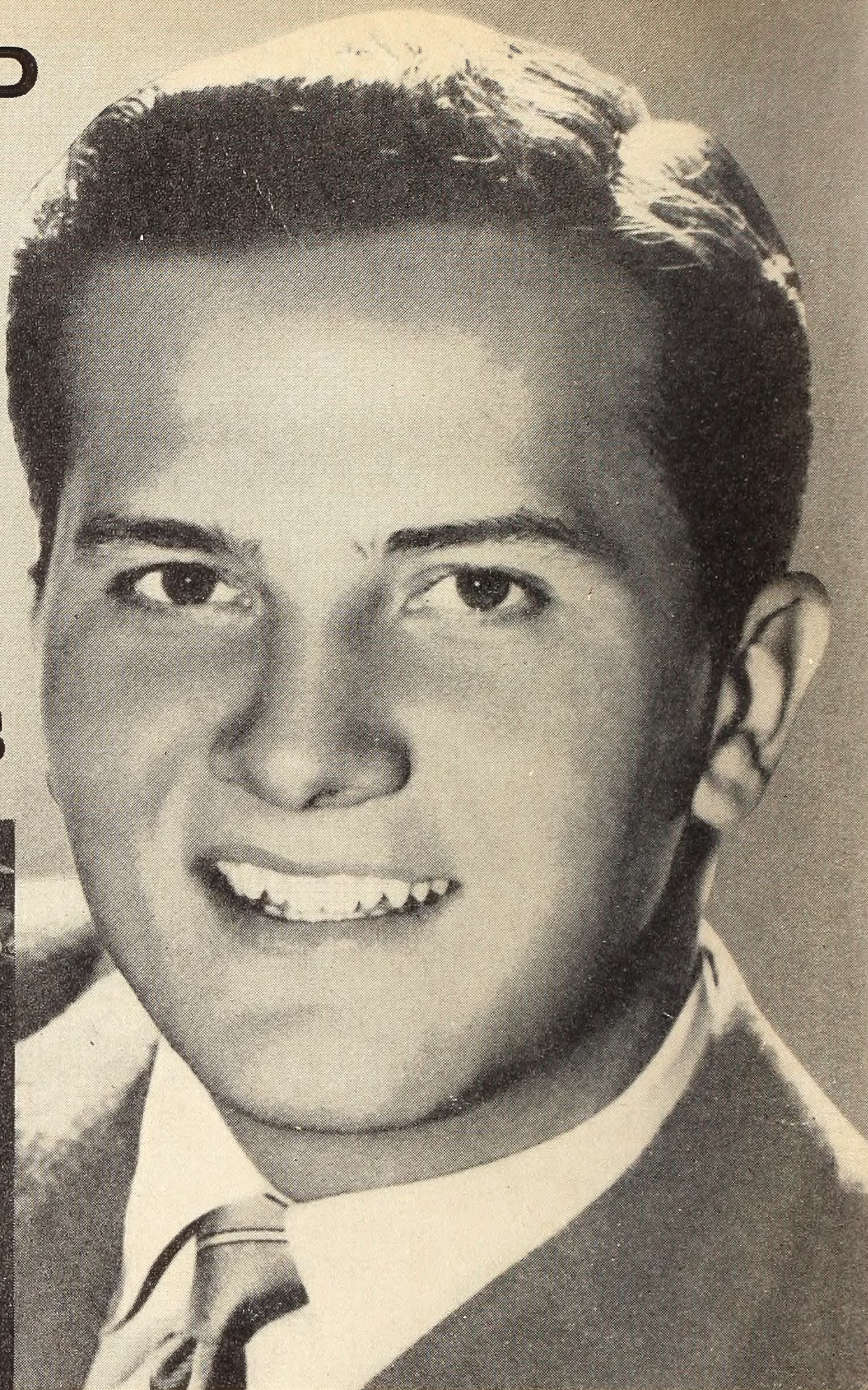
PAT BOONE



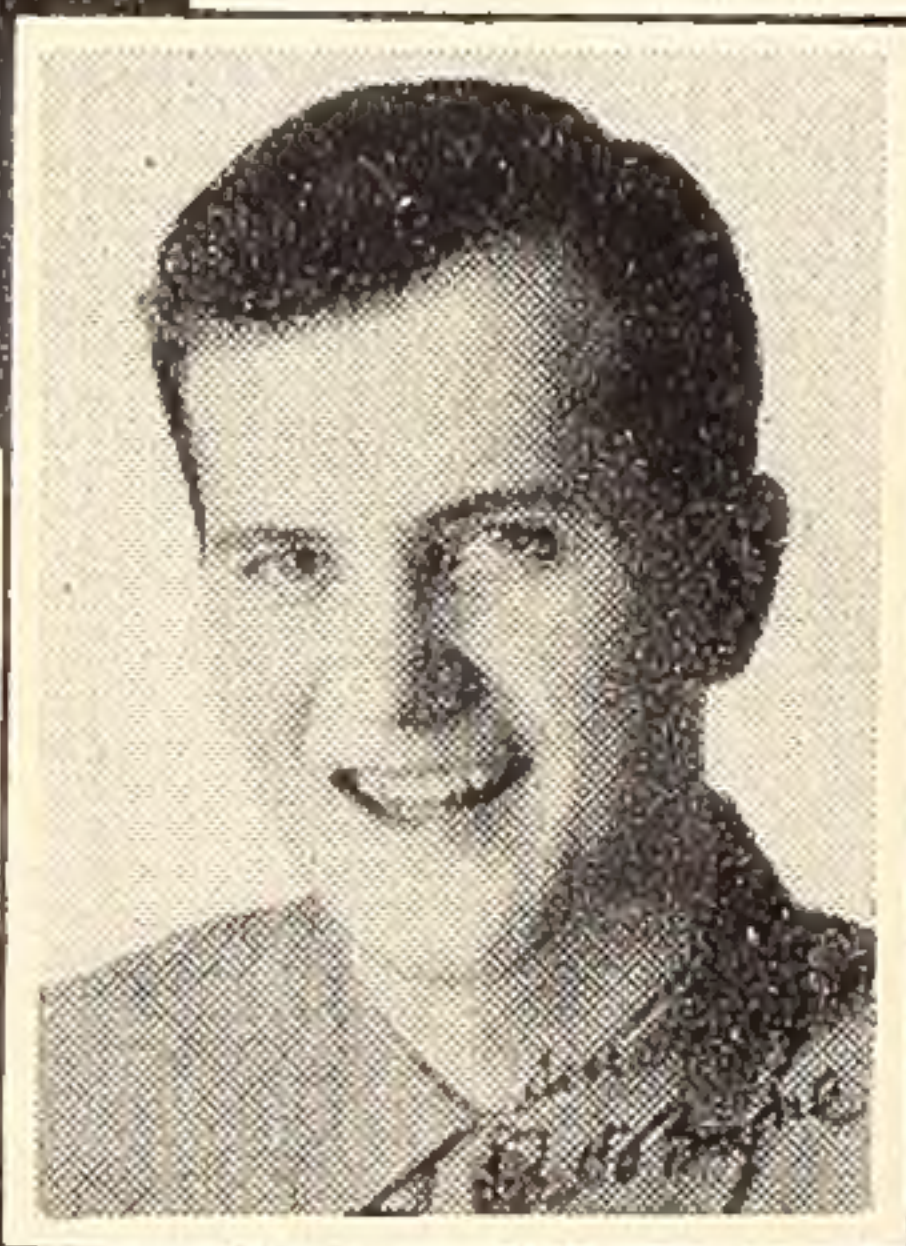
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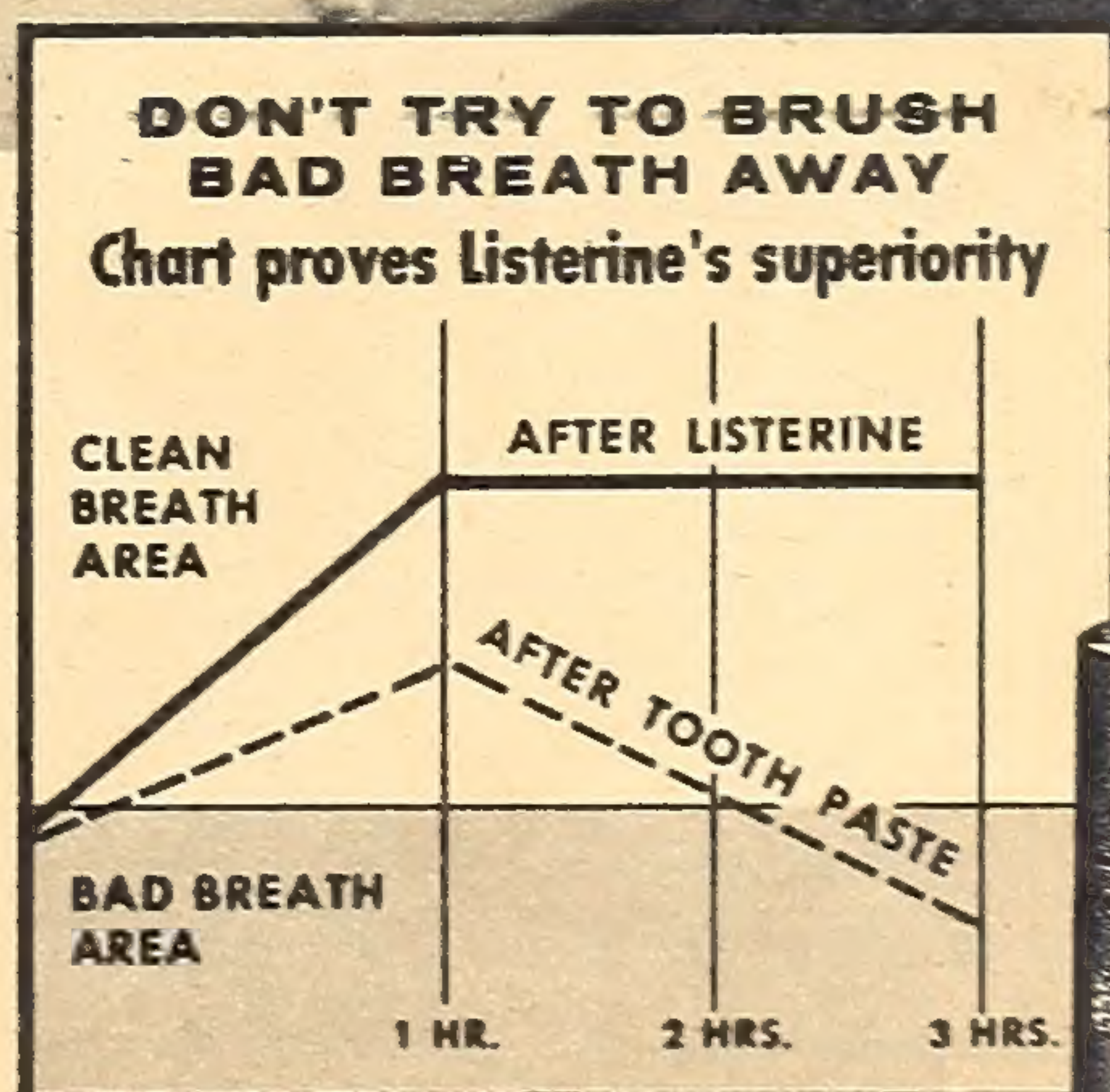
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ON THE COVER: PAT BOONE, STAR OF ABC-TV'S "THE PAT BOONE SHOW"

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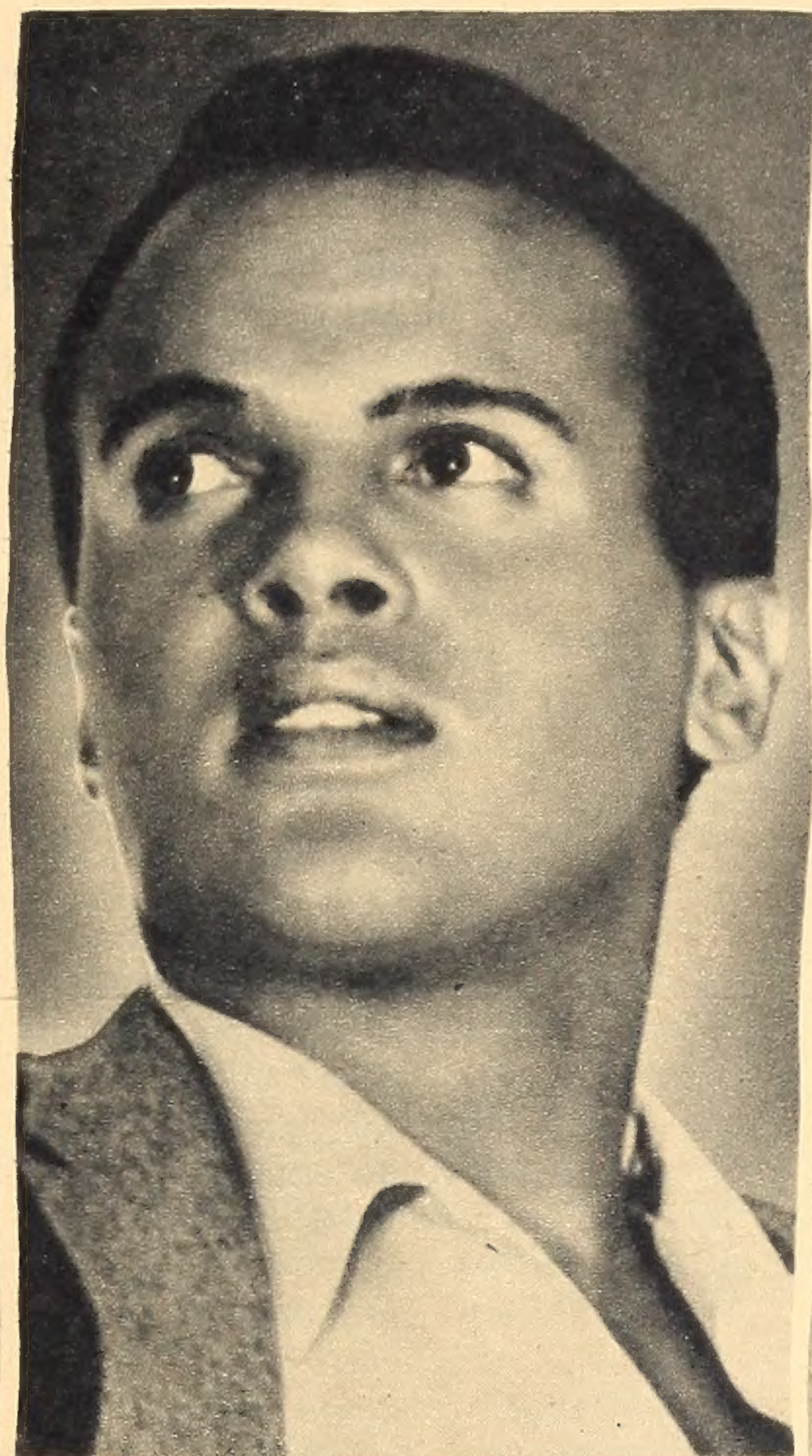
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Sheilah Graham's

HOLLYWOOD LOWDOWN

- Bright future looms for TV star Chuck Connors
- Rock Hudson annoyed by recent rumors



THIS IS Sheilah Graham reporting from sunny Smogville. . . . Rhonda Fleming and her red hair are rated tops by Guy Madison. And if his interest in Rhonda does not bring back estranged wife Sheilah nothing will.

Kirk Douglas, winner for the third year of The Harvard Lampoon's Worst Actor Award, is threatening to sue them unless they cough up with the trophy. Kirk is a good actor although I thought he went overboard with the dramatics in "The Vikings." . . . Sounds like Cary Grant is leaving Hollywood more or less permanently. He can't take the aforementioned smog. . . . And quite a few stars have moved or are planning to move to the uncontaminated air of Newport, Balboa and Lido Isle. Among the new nautical inhabitants ensconced there are Rock Hudson, Jane Wyman, and June Allyson and Dick Powell.

Rock, by the way, is very annoyed with the printed reports that have him wooing Mrs. Debbie Power, widow of the late Tyrone. He sees her quite a bit, but insists, "Just friendship." This at least is a better rumor than the one I heard

linking him with a recent leading lady. . . . Nice to know that Tyrone Power *did* have a \$100,000 life insurance policy for Debbie. And his last wife will get his profit percentage from "Solomon And Sheba." Unless Linda Christian beats her to the courts. The only wife who isn't expecting any money is Mrs. Ty the First—and she received close to a million dollars from Tyrone during his lifetime.

Robert Horton, of the top-rated "Wagon Train" series, made it the hard way, he told me. "I was under contract to MGM from '52 to '54 making bad B pictures. It took me two years to re-establish myself." Bob has had some dates with Barbara Stanwyck and describes her as "the most enthusiastic person I ever met." . . . William Holden discovered this about Barbara a long time ago, when she accepted the then unknown actor as her vis-a-vis in "Golden Boy." The picture made Bill a star.

Diane Brewster is trying to live down her Samantha role with James Garner in "Maverick." "It was a good way to get started," the green-eyed actress explained to me, "but producers could only see me

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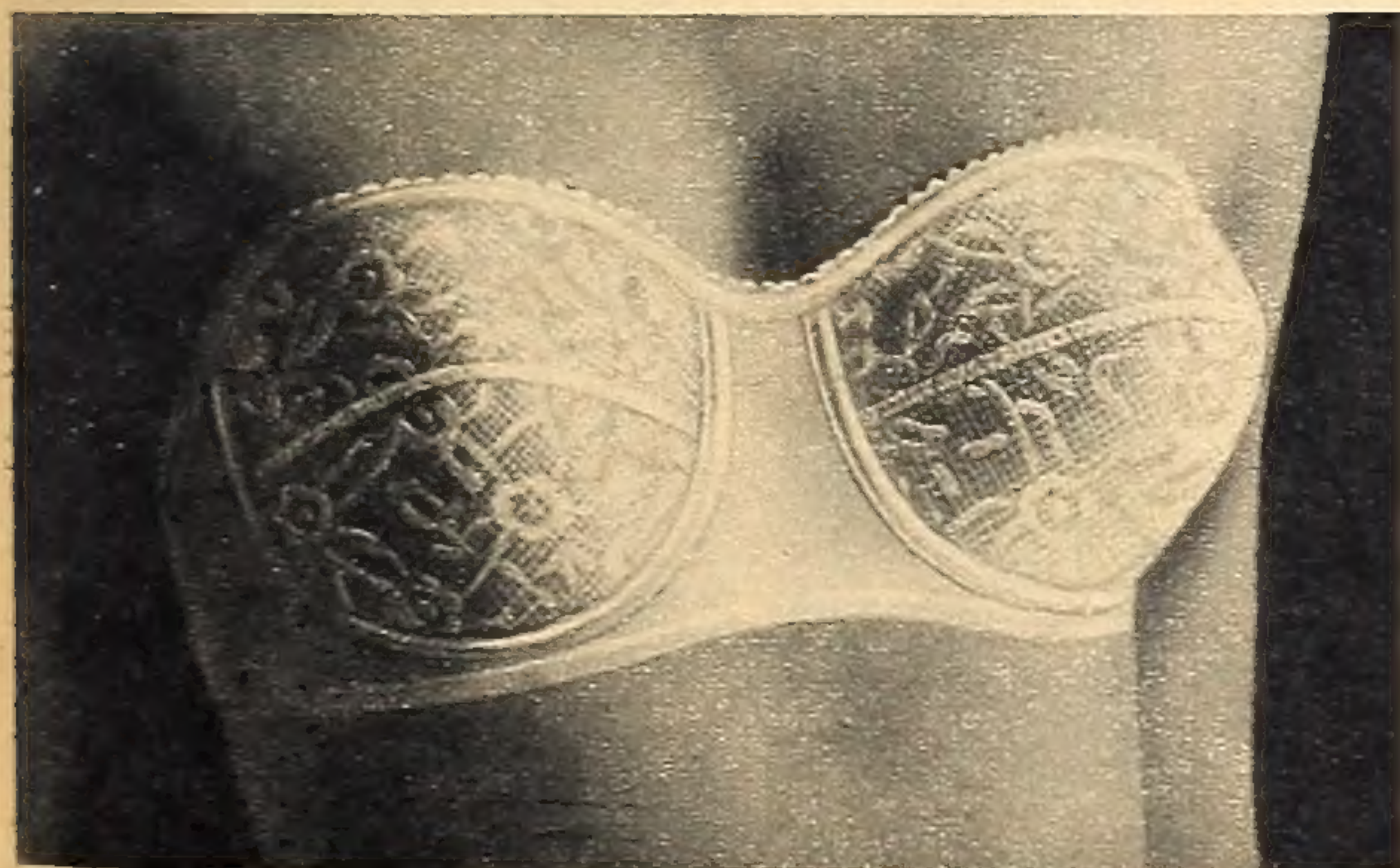


ENJOYING a dance at the Coconut Grove are Craig Stevens and wife Alexis Smith.



PROGRAM of events for a gala fashion show is discussed by Mitzi Gaynor and Pat Egan.

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HOLLYWOOD LOWDOWN

continued

as a river boat minx." Oral Surgeon Jabe Walker sees Diane as his wife. . . . Old-time star Lew Ayres bought the old Shirley Temple house in Brentwood which immediately started talk of his marriage to Joanne Dru.

If you are not a member of The Clan, you just don't belong—according to clan members. Leader is Frank Sinatra, who used to be First Lieutenant to Humphrey Bogart's Rat Pack. Clanners include Dean Martin, Peter Lawford, Ernie Kovacs, Jimmy Van Heusen, Tony Curtis and Janet Leigh. Except for Janet, they wear the same clothes, buy the same sports cars and they all have nicknames. How young can we get. . . . Which reminds me, nine-year-old Evelyn Rudie is in love with 15-year-old Tony Dow of "Leave It To Beaver." "Isn't Tony a bit old for you?" I asked Evelyn. "I like older men," she assured me.

Sophia Loren is getting more sylph-like all the time. The tall, five-feet-eight Amazon now weighs in at 125. Personally, I preferred Sophia somewhat plumper. This way is all features and not enough face. But she is a sweet girl and very popular at Paramount and with the press. . . . Robert Taylor thought he had lived down his "Beautiful Man" title, but when in Africa recently, the natives called him, "The Big White Beautiful Bwana." . . . Marlon Brando a woosome twosome again with Rita Moreno.

After a good start, the British press started picking on Lauren Bacall, which is why she will return to this country to live—but not Hollywood—New York, in the fall. . . . When someone asked Maurice Chevalier if he minded being 70-years-old, Maurice replied, "Not a bit. Especially when you consider the alternative!" . . . Can't wait to read George Sanders memoirs—especially the fat chapter dealing with his marriage to Zsa Zsa

Gabor. George loathes most of the columnists and *that* chapter should be pretty interesting too. George and his new wife, widow of Ronald Colman, will live permanently in Switzerland. This way they get tax relief.

Carroll "Baby Doll" Baker can afford to laugh at the stories stating she was a pain in the neck while filming "But Not For Me" with Clark Gable. Carroll received \$150,000 for the seven weeks stint. . . . It was fun to watch the girls gape at Craig Stevens, who is the teenagers' delight since his "Peter Gunn" series. I remember when Craig was known only as the husband of Alexis Smith. Now Alexis works only occasionally in films and TV, and Craig is a big star. Television can certainly make life topsy-turvy.

Jayne Mansfield is up to her bustline in Pink Pools for Pooped People. She sells 'em. And husband Mickey "Muscle Man" Hargitay is planning a chain of gymnasiums. Meanwhile, Jayne is very unhappy with the giggly roles she's been getting at 20th Century-Fox and is hoping for a non-exclusive deal so she can attempt some drama. . . . Robert Wagner is fattening up via packets of gelatin a day. "I'm a bucket of bones," he told me after his recent dancing picture. I wish I could say the same.

Oscar Levant burned publicly when the Jack Paar Show announced he would guest when Paar returned to California for another two weeks of snaring film names. "I would never appear on that show again," stated Oscar to his own audience. . . . Kim Novak plans to spend half her time in New York, where, "I feel terribly chic," and where Doctor Ernest Wynder happens to live. . . . Don't invite Peter Ustinov and Sam Goldwyn to the same banquet. Sam was furious with Peter when the latter ad libbed that Goldwyn has enriched the screen as much as he had the English language. This crack could be taken two ways, and Sam took it in the worst way. . . . I'm glad that Ingrid Bergman was given custody of

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THAT old charmer, Maurice Chevalier, has himself a dance with starlet Susan Kohner.



EATON Chalkley proudly holds award given to his wife Susan Hayward by foreign press.

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Pat Boone's advice to teenagers

*Pat gets over 200 letters
a month from teenagers asking
his help with their
problems; here Pat answers
some typical queries*



THE BOONES eloped when they were 19, but Pat doesn't advise early marriages as a general rule.

By **HELEN BOLSTAD**

PANIC FILLED THE 16 year-old girl's letter. It read: "about a year ago I started going with a boy—a boy that some people called wild. Everyone told me what a fool I was and that I was asking to get hurt.

"They were right. I got hurt. But when school started this year, I decided to get him back, no matter what it took. I tried to make him jealous.

I went out with another boy and I let him neck with me. I hoped that by so doing, I could get the first boy back. But I didn't stop there. I became cheap in other ways. I've been drunk and almost got into trouble.

"I finally woke up to what I was doing to myself when I read your book. The problem is I don't know what to do. I want to change, but I'm afraid it is too late. Can you help me?"

This letter was not directed to a social worker, minister, psychiatrist, or to any of the successors to Dorothy Dix. It was sent, instead, to singer Pat Boone, and it was only one of some 200 "problem" letters which had reached his office that week. Pat's brow furrowed as he studied it.

"It's hard to know exactly what to say," he explained. "I don't pretend to have all the answers. I can only try to help her. One part of her question is easy. It's never too late to change. She needs to slow down. In my book I tried to explain how I feel about the dangers of demanding love too fast." He pointed to a paragraph: "We all know that indiscriminate kissing, dancing in the dark, hanging around in cars, late dates at this early stage can lead to trouble. And that you miss a lot of fun that you could have with the nicer

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MARRIAGE to Shirley Foley turned out well—but it wasn't just an accident. Both Pat and Shirley worked hard to make it thus.

PAT BOONE continued

"I've always referred to my own mistakes to show that we're all capable of good and bad—the choice lies within oneself"

play-by-the-rules crowd. There is absolutely no need to rush clumsily into things that will have such beautiful meaning later on."

Pat's book, "Twixt Twelve And Twenty," was written to give a fuller answer to such letters than he can possibly provide in private correspondence. "When the kids ask me for advice I'll often think about a letter for a long time before I try to answer it. If it's a real tough one, I'll pray about it, too. But I'm always aware that I don't know all the facts and that I'm the outsider. All I know for certain is what happened to me. In the book, I tried to tell how I found my own answers."

There is evidence that those personal answers of Pat's have also been useful to others. In many cities, "Twixt Twelve And Twenty," holds the Number One spot on the best seller lists. Because people are buying it and reading it, a new college will open next fall, for Pat has signed over his royalties to one of the educational funds maintained by the Church of Christ of which he's a devout member. They





TO THOSE seeking careers in show business, Pat advises "plain hard work." He and Frankie Avalon both struggled to get on top.

will use the money to staff a new school near Philadelphia.

Additional evidence that the book has been helpful comes in letters which indicate that kids are applying Pat's Do-It-Yourself precepts of character building to their own lives. He cited one which read: "At times I feel my mother and father and sisters like me, but most of the time I don't believe that what my mother tells me would help me. I feel very unsure of myself because every time I open my mouth I put my foot in it. I am usually too scared to do or say anything. I can't get my mind down to my books because I am always thinking about my social life at home or in school."

"I am afraid I will be out of school before I know how to handle myself. One day I am determined to get A's and B's so I can become a physical therapist and the next day I don't care what I get. Also I never know enough to keep quiet and think or do some kind of work. If somebody says anything, jokingly or not, I get mad and my feelings are hurt very easily. I usually go around with a chip on my shoulder and have an inferiority complex."

IT seemed a formidable array of faults, but Pat grinned as he read the last line: "Well, I guess this just about brings most of my problems to a close."

"There's an intelligent girl," said Pat. "All that ails her are the typical teenage symptoms of insecurity, restlessness, inconsistency and indecision. But she already has analyzed her failings. That's the first step toward correcting them. She's really written her own answer herself."

Other letters aren't that easy, even when Pat has a

direct precedent in his own life. An 18-year-old girl wrote him: "I like a certain boy very much and he knows it. He says he loves me, also. I know you and Shirley married at 19, but I'm not sure of ourselves. My boy friend says he is going to move this winter. This means I would not see him for years. I think I should wait. Do you?"

The problem was parallel to that which led to Pat's and Shirley's elopement. Shirley's mother had died and her father, entertainer Red Foley, had announced plans to move from Nashville, Tennessee, to Springfield, Missouri. Recollection of that crisis went into Pat's answer:

"I do appreciate your problem. However, it is always difficult to give advice in situations where one does not know both parties involved. I'm sure you haven't made up your mind whether you really want to spend the rest of your life with this young man. It's a difficult decision to make. Although Shirley and I were married at 19, I do not advise early marriages. We were fortunate and things went our way, but we did struggle for a long time. I advise you to think a good deal about any step you're going to make because it is the most important step in your life. Good luck to you and we'll be praying for you."

Why had Pat changed his position? He was thoughtful as he put the letter down. "I suppose it is because we hurt our parents so deeply. Eloping wasn't the right thing to do. I found out how my mother worried that day. It got later and later, and I still didn't come home. At last I gathered up nerve enough to phone her and say, 'You have a new daughter.' Mama took it just great. All she said was, 'When

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By FAVIUS FRIEDMAN

WHY DIANE VARSI QUIT HOLLYWOOD

JUST ONE MONTH, less four days, past her 21st birthday—on March 19th, 1959, to be exact—Diane Varsi suddenly gave up one of Hollywood's most promising careers and flew away with her baby son Shawn to the serenity of Bennington, Vermont. She had chosen to become a recluse at the age of 21.

"I don't know how I'll make a living in Bennington," she said, "but I'm giving up acting forever. I don't ever plan to return to Hollywood. I have never particularly cared for it."

Then she added, "I have saved a small amount of money from my earnings. When that runs out, I have no idea what I'll do."

The girl who had twice run away from home in her mid-teens, who had twice quit school to further her learning in libraries, was now running away again—this time, perhaps, to complete and utter oblivion.

Pale, wan and forlorn-looking, Diane bundled her 2½-year-old son Shawn in her arms and stalked wordlessly, face set, down the long ramp at Los Angeles International Airport to take the plane to what she hoped would be forgetfulness and peace. Clad in a shapeless wool coat; lugging, as always, her huge untidy wicker handbag, she studiously ignored the clamoring horde of newspaper people who yelped a barrage of questions at her. To all those who besieged her so stridently, she had but one comment: "I've already given my reasons for quitting Hollywood. I have nothing further to say."

Flanking her as she walked down her own "last mile" were her ex-husband, James Dickson, and a friend, actress Carol Eastman. At the gate where she was to board the plane, Diane handed little Shawn to Dickson while she rummaged through her cluttered handbag for her tickets. She had neglected, or forgotten, to have her tickets validated at the United Airlines counter, but this was taken care of for her by the gate

*In a gesture as puzzling as
her own confused life,
Diane gave up fame and fortune;
here are the real reasons*

HER SON, Shawn, two-and-a-half, was born to her of a teenage marriage/that was quickly annulled.





A REBEL in Hollywood, Diane was impressed with the people of the small Maine town in which she'd worked in "Peyton Place."

photos by Curt Gunther



OFTEN puzzled and dismayed by the torments of growing up, like so many youngsters in ferment, Diane was searching for some truth.

officer. Then she walked stiffly into the plane without turning around to wave goodbye to her companions.

A few hours later, still taut, nervous and harassed, Diane was in San Francisco, where she was born, to visit with relatives and a few old schoolmates. Those who tried to question her were told, "I am definitely through with Hollywood." That night she was on another plane headed for the East—for the bucolic hamlet of Bennington, which she had never even seen before. It was, as some said, "a return to 'Peyton Place,'" the New England village which was the locale of her first starring picture.

Hers was a frightening decision, an abrupt rejection of fortune and fame, and it was bewildering to everyone in Hollywood—except Diane herself. The day before, strange, moody, unpredictable Diane had shocked executives at 20th Century-Fox, where she was under long-term contract, when she informed them that she was leaving pictures "forever." "I don't want to act any more," she said. "Acting is destructive to me. I don't see any reason to be miserable just because other people say I should go on with my career."

For Diane, her action was no sudden impulse. In one of the brief moments when she was willing to talk, she told reporters,

"I've been thinking about this for weeks. It's strictly personal with me. I don't see any reason to explain what I'm doing, so my leaving will go unexplained. However, it is a well-thought-out decision. It has nothing to do with the studio itself."

Then, staring at the heap of clothing and personal possessions piled on the floor of her ramshackle house in Santa Monica's Rustic Canyon, she added, "I don't like some of the ways of Hollywood. But my reasons for leaving go even deeper. It is the performing itself I object to. If I have any talent at all, I will try to find some other outlet for it that will make me less unhappy."

SEEMINGLY forgotten was the memory of her Academy Award nomination for her very first film, "Peyton Place." The girl who, only a short time before, had been a derelict and unknown, now had four big pictures to her credit, including the soon-to-be-released "Compulsion." Producer Jerry Wald had hailed her as "one of the most brilliant natural actresses I have ever known," and had already assigned her to a starring role in his new picture, "Return To Peyton Place." Yet, in a gesture as puzzling as her own confused, embittered life, Diane, at 21, was overnight abandoning everything: fame,

she said was, "I'm searching for simplicity. The simpler I keep my life, the happier I'll be"



LONESOME ever since she could remember, Diane nevertheless built a high wall around her which people found difficult to penetrate.

success, a \$500-a-week salary, the devotion and admiration of her friends—and for what? To make her home in a strange new place because “I do not ever again care to be a part of the picture business.”

The cynical saw Diane's action as a shrewd and calculated publicity stunt. Others believed that Diane had been badly wounded by one-time big star Joan Crawford, who had, in an interview the week before, blasted Diane for her sloppy dressing, and for supposedly appearing at studio meetings barefooted and in blue jeans. Still other gossip had Diane going to Bennington to write a book. Jerry Wald vehemently denied that Diane had ever come into his office—or any office—barefooted. “I have had many meetings with Diane,” Wald declared. “She never appeared in jeans. She couldn't afford extravagant clothes. She wore simple things, but she was always neatly dressed.” And as for Diane's going to Bennington to write a book, this Diane herself said was untrue. “There's nothing to that,” she commented. “My baby and I will live as quietly as possible.”

And beyond the immediate plan “just to live quietly in Vermont and take care of my child,” there was for Diane Varsi, ever the passionate pilgrim, “nothing more to say.”

It is, of course, easy to reason that Diane is solving her problems by running away from them; to call her, once again, “Hollywood's Miss Enigma of all time”; to point to her as a frightfully mixed-up girl, unprepared for the sudden onslaught of success. “She hit a home run in the very first picture she ever made,” one studio friend declared. “That's certainly enough to bewilder anybody.”

SUCH an explanation is as glib as it is incomplete. There are other reasons for Diane's abandoning Hollywood—reasons that go back a long way. What they are are Diane's own secret, but knowing her as I do, I believe I can point to some of them.

When Diane first came on the 20th lot, I met her, talked to her and liked her very much indeed. I have reason to believe that she felt I understood her perhaps a little better than anyone else in Hollywood. In a number of interviews I had with Diane, she discussed, for long hours, her life, her hopes, her fears, her dreams. We laughed together, shared enthusiasms, talked of her poetry and how it helped her to express some of the troubling things inside her. I told her that my son John, only a couple of years older than she, was a struggling poet, too, and I gave her some of his published poems to read. “I

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DAVID NELSON

THE DARING YOUNG MAN

*In his latest film, "The Big Circus," young David
portrays a high-flying trapeze artist*



ATHLETIC prowess helped David master tricks of the aerial artist for his role in movie, "The Big Circus."



photos by Zinn Arthur, Topix

RELAXING on set, David chats with member of cast (above) and perches on aerial net (right).



END

*"I know the most important thing to a
woman is her man," says Shirley, but her man
works overseas which usually leaves her*

ALONE AND LONESOME

By AMY FRANCIS



HUSBAND Steve Parker makes movies in Japan but Shirley insists their marriage is secure.

BLUE-EYED, FRECKLE-FACED ("I've got freckles all over; if they'd spread a little I'd have me a lovely tan") Shirley MacLaine perched on a tiny black lacquered Japanese stool in the center of her living room and talked. "Ever since 'Some Came Running' was released, people come up to congratulate me, saying, 'Isn't it too, too mah-vel-ous your getting to be a star overnight, Deah!' But, like the man said, it takes nights and nights to make it overnight. That's the truth.

"Ever since I was two I've spent hours every day practicing dancing and singing. It seems like only yesterday I was singing 'Flat-Foot Floogie with the Floy Floy,' with my feet turned out at 160 degrees. Actually, I was only three then and it was my first public appearance. My Wrong-Way Corrigan feet were ready-made for ballet. They're what started me dancing. And up until I got so busy recently making movies by day and rehearsing TV musicals by night, I've never stopped practicing and taking dancing and singing lessons."

If it's true that one swallow doesn't make a summer, it's doubly true that one Oscar nomination doesn't make an actress of Shirley MacLaine's calibre. Behind her there are years of heartbreaking effort during which she proved that she's mastered her craft. Today, the rust-haired song and dance girl who turned dramatic actress with nary a drama lesson is the hottest property in Hollywood—a high voltage exciting new star who is strictly big time.

It would be only natural now for Miss MacLaine to take a few swipes at those who ho-hummed her talents during the past years in Hollywood. But all she says is, "I'm glad it didn't happen sooner. Now I know what I'm doing. I actually feel sorry for the young actress who is thrown into a tough role immediately after she arrives in Hollywood. She's had so little time to learn how to learn."

Anyway, Shirley prefers talking about her husband, Steve, and her 2-year-old daughter, Stephanie, who looks remarkably like her mother, or as Shirley says, "as if I'd been dipped in Clorox and someone took my picture."

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SHIRLEY MACLAINE continued

Though the absence of her husband is painful, Shirley finds consolation in her daughter, Steffi, a miniature of herself



SHIRLEY understands Beatniks, but doesn't "dig" them. "To me the most wonderful thing we possess is the gift of being alive."



CLOWNING is as much a part of Shirley's make-up as freckles.

"Steve and Steffi—they're my real life," Shirley says simply. Yet, during the last two years, Steve has been mainly in Japan producing documentary films while Shirley has been in Hollywood. In many ways, it's a marriage like Deborah Kerr and Tony Bartley's which floundered because of career separation, but Shirley believes in her heart that her marriage will survive. "Mixing marriage and career," she says, "is like mixing oil with water, but Steve and I think it is worth working for—a happy and steadfast life together."

"Whenever Steve returns to Tokyo for another long stay, the Hollywood prophets of marriage doom set off the alarm again that we're having trouble," Shirley sighed. "They keep saying we're headed for divorce and I keep yelling my head off, 'No, no, no.' Really, as long as Steve and I know everything is perfectly all right between us, what does it matter how much they gossip?"

What matters is that Shirley and Steve know that their careers—not their hearts—are apart. She's known where her heart belongs ever since a day in early 1954 when, Shirley giggles, "I crossed the street for a ginger ale between the



DAUGHTER Steffi is a small-sized scene stealer who mimics her mother's every expression and gesture. Shirley's now in "Career."

matinee and the night performance of the Broadway musical, 'Me And Juliet,' and I came out with a husband! It was love at first sight for the both of us. I broke my engagement with another fellow immediately."

Steve was handsome, highly intelligent young actor William T. Parker (known to everyone as Steve). Shirley recalls that when she and Steve married that September while she was making "The Trouble With Harry" in Vermont, "there were times when we didn't have enough to buy three carrots, let alone a three-carat diamond. But like most women, Southern ones particularly, I never passed a jewelry store without stopping and looking and wishing. I never told Steve of my hopes and he never promised that someday I would have that three-carat diamond. I guess it was just one of those happy, unspoken agreements that take place between two people who are very much in love."

Today, Shirley has that handsome diamond, the only jewelry she wears. But earlier, in Hollywood, Steve chaffed at his inability to find a release for his talents. As much of an individualist as Shirley, he could never be happy as Mr.

Shirley MacLaine. His heart was in Japan, a country, he felt, with tremendous untapped potentials as a film center. Steve's interest in Japan started when he was a child. His father was in the diplomatic service and it was during this period that young Steve learned the language. A paratrooper in World War II, he landed in Tokyo and was official interpreter for his group. And when he returned to make his career as a producer of documentary films in Japan, Shirley understood, for she knows what the country means to him. He has won a Brussels Film Festival Award for a documentary on geisha girls and recently he brought over Japan's top stars for a brilliant TV hour show.

Completely honest, Shirley does not minimize the thousands of miles which divide her from her husband. It is no madcap, zany character who says with deep pathos: "The only way I can bear it is to behave as though he were coming home to dinner every night. Our baby first saw Daddy when she was nine months old after he'd spent a year in Japan."

"I'm just an old-fashioned girl who believes that a double bed makes for a happy marriage. Yet we're separated, even

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The conquest of Hollywood



EDD found no shortage of struggles on way up in Hollywood. Tenacity kept him going.

A novice from the sidewalks of New York, Edd got the "No Help Wanted" treatment from filmtown but hung on to win fame in "77 Sunset Strip"

By BILL TUSHER

IN THE ENCHANTED city of New York not many moons ago, two star-struck teenage youths hatched a scheme to gain an audience with one of their idols, Kirk Douglas. Meeting a star face to face was their major ambition in life, aside from the audacious dream that gave the first wish such urgency—the dream of being stars someday themselves.

Until Douglas, the dashing emissary of Hollywood nobility, checked in at the Sherry Netherlands Hotel, these young men had had very little luck meeting up with visiting royalty from the magic land of sound stages. They avidly followed the newspapers for word of arriving stars and counted themselves fortunate if they got so much as a fleeting glimpse of them.

But such piddling rewards were insufficient for these brash movie enthusiasts. So in a moment of supreme resolve they put their acting potentials to a test. One of them, a sandy-haired, laughing-eyed, soft-spoken six-footer named Edward Byrnes—who had been cutting classes at Haaren High School to bone up on the muse at the Dramatic Workshop and the West Side Neighborhood Playhouse—summarily decided that the time had come to demonstrate how much he had learned about acting during all this bootlegged training.

He sidled into a phone booth and dialed the Sherry Netherlands. He represented himself as a reporter for the *Daily News*, announced he was on his way to interview Douglas, and asked for the actor's room number. A moment later he hung up and rejoined his anxious friend, another adventurous lad named Joe Flynn.

"We're in," Byrnes chortled, and couldn't resist the play on his pal's name. "In like Flynn!"

And so it seemed.

"We got all sharpened up," as Edd Byrnes puts it, "went to the hotel, ran into the elevator hoping we wouldn't be found out, got out on Douglas'

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photos by Gene Trindl, Topix

EDD BYRNES continued



POPULAR with girls, Edd now owns a Thunderbird, is enjoying every minute of his hard-won success in television and movies.



BROUGHT up in the same neighborhood as James Cagney, Edd had his sights on Hollywood right from the start.



For all that he is fun-loving and audacious by nature, Edd remains boyish and soft-spoken

floor, located his room, and I boldly knocked on his door."

Byrnes and his buddy held their breath until someone answered. It was not Douglas, but a well-dressed man who turned out to be Kirk's secretary. They hadn't gotten very far in explaining their mission when Douglas stuck his head out of the shower and asked who it was.

"A couple of fans of yours, Kirk," his secretary called back.

"Well, tell 'em to come on in," Douglas yelled good-naturedly.

A moment later Douglas appeared in his robe, and accorded his intrepid fans a real friendly welcome that warmed them to their innards.

"Why don't you sit down and make yourselves comfortable, fellows?" he said. "Can I get you a drink?"

The adventurers looked at each other, gulped and nodded. Douglas signalled knowingly to his secretary, who came back a moment later with a couple of high school cocktails—two 7-Ups.

Douglas, far from being irritated at the invasion of his privacy, roared with appreciative laughter when Edd confessed the ruse he had employed to get his room number. He listened without a murmur of deprecation as Byrnes ingenuously blurted out his own consuming ambition to be an actor, and young Edd's excitement rose almost to an unbearable pitch when Douglas told him that he, too, had studied at the Dramatic Workshop.

As his thrilled visitors left, Douglas put his arm around Byrnes and ribbed him:

"Eddie, you don't want to be an actor. When you're an actor,

women chase you all over the place. You get a Cadillac and you want a Jaguar. It's terrible."

To a great extent, Douglas' facetious prophecy has come to pass. Edd Byrnes has become a budding star as Kookie, the jive-spouting parking lot attendant who oozes youthful sex appeal on ABC-TV's slick whodunit series, "77 Sunset Strip." The girls are chasing him all over the place. Byrnes got himself a 1955 Thunderbird and wanted a later model, so he traded it in for a 1957 Thunderbird. Only it's not terrible. He loves it—every minute of it.

His pal, Joe Flynn, despaired of the quest for Hollywood's holy grail a long time ago. To begin with, he was already married when he and Byrnes stalked Douglas in his Sherry Netherlands lair, and his wife even then was expectant. He is now expressing his flair for dramatics as a detective on the New York City police force, where charades, like posing as a newspaperman, well may add to his efficiency.

"He had all those responsibilities, so he had to give it up," Byrnes says solemnly. "In fact, he has another baby now. But we're still good friends."

BYRNES was not without responsibilities of his own. From early youth he had taken on odd jobs to help support his widowed mother and younger brother and sister. With the same DDT—dogged determination and tenacity—that got him into Kirk Douglas' plush duplex suite, he audaciously thumbed his nose at the overpowering odds against his success, took on Hollywood with \$100 in his jeans, laughed off setbacks that

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AS A KID, Edd used to deliver ice in the summer to earn extra money for his family and to buy fan magazines and movie admissions.



SANDRA DEE ASKS:

"Why do they lie

*She's been called "spoiled" and
"bored" and other unflattering things; now
hear Sandra set the record straight*

By HELEN LOUISE WALKER

"IF I WERE a stranger, reading some of the things which have been written about me, I think I'd hate me!"

This was little Sandra Dee, not yet 17, who is learning at too young an age what it is to be a celebrity and what it is to be misunderstood and misinterpreted. She seemed so bitter and so bruised about it all that we suggested, "Let's set the record straight. Suppose you tell us what things have been printed about you that you feel are false or twisted . . . and we'll put them right."

"Well . . ." she took a deep breath. "People have said that I am spoiled and bored. I don't know quite what they mean by being 'spoiled' but how could I possibly be 'bored' when such exciting things have been happening to me?" She thought a moment.

"Do you suppose when they say that I am 'spoiled' that they mean I have had such an easy time getting where I am, that my training was a lot different from that of other girls my age? Well, that's true. I've had some of my growing up in reverse in a lot of ways. I had the older part first and I'm just learning about the younger part. I've never had any real 'young fun' until just recently. But . . . does that make me 'spoiled'?"

A brief explanation is due just here.

Sandra became a model when she was very young and was noticed at a Girl Scouts' fashion show. Her mother and her stepfather (Eugene Douvan) were understandably proud of their beautiful little daughter and they used to take her with them when they went dancing at places like the Waldorf-Astoria. That's how Sandra came to the notice of Harry Conover, who heads one of the big model agencies, and Oleg Cassini, the fashionable couturiere. That's how she became a top-flight model and that's how eventually she was signed for TV and at last for pictures. Her first picture was "The Restless Years" with John Saxon. Then followed another with

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photos by Gene Trindl, Topix



SANDRA'S mother is justifiably proud of her daughter who was a successful teenage fashion model before becoming a movie star.

about me?"





"OVERDRESSED?" asks Sandra. The fact is, she never wears black because it's "too old" and doesn't own even a single sheath dress.

SANDRA DEE continued

John Saxon, "The Reluctant Debutante." Currently, she is appearing in "Imitation Of Life."

So that is how it was that when she was 13 and 14, Sandra was being seen, beautifully dressed and turned out, in New York's most sophisticated spots. But she had never had a date with a boy. That's what she meant by "growing up" . . . and the disillusionment that has come with it. She had never known public criticism in her life. So it hurt when it came.

"Now, how," we asked her, "have you been most misunderstood?"

"I've told you about their saying I was 'spoiled,'" she reminded. "But about being 'bored' . . . that's a terrible thing to say of me. Certainly things have come easily to me. I didn't have to work for them as other girls may have worked. But now I am in pictures and I am thrilled and I know I have to work and work hard. And I like it. It is certainly different from modeling or even TV. It is all so exciting, how could I possibly be 'bored'? I resent their saying that very much."

"Well, what about the things that have been said about your wearing too much make-up for so young a girl? Is that true . . . or false?"

She seethed again . . . and Sandra can do one of the prettiest little seethes you ever saw in your life. She seethes up a storm.

"That is completely untrue," she sputtered. "I have never worn skin make-up in my life unless they put it on me at the studio for some reason. I don't even know how to apply it. I suppose someone saw me coming home from the studio

TOO MUCH make-up? "All I ever wear in private life," Sandra says, "is a touch of lipstick and maybe a teensy bit of mascara."



"How could I possibly be bored when such exciting things have been happening to me lately?"

... I don't always take off my make-up first ... and concluded that that was how I went around to the supermarkets. Well, I don't.

"All I ever wear in my private life is a touch of lipstick and maybe a teensy bit of mascara. My goodness, my mom would have things to say if I tried anything else!"

"Then what about ... ?" we began. But she interrupted.

"I know what you're going to ask. About my being 'over-dressed'? I simply don't know how that started but I've read about it enough! My family, back East, have read about it, too, and it has made them uneasy and unhappy about me. I think even my fans have worried.

"Look. I love clothes. I guess all girls my age do. But I know I have to be careful. Much more careful than other girls as old as I am.

"My mother selects all my clothes and she has strict ideas, believe me. I *never* wear black, even at home, although I adore it and it goes with my complexion. Mom says it is 'too old'. I've never even had a sheath dress, although most of the girls have them and I would like one. I always wear full skirts and blouses in pastel colors ... and a girl can get tired of pastels, you know!

I GO to premieres and big parties sometimes and I *want* to wear 'high style' things. But I'm not allowed to wear them. I like sheer, smooth materials and I love the champagne color which goes with my hair. I love lace and they let me wear that because they say it's 'girlish'. I'm glad there is *something* I like that I am allowed to wear!

"I adore to go to movies ... only I never see the picture

because I always want to see who else is there and what they are wearing. Everyone seems to be older than I am and they always have such lovely clothes.

"One more thing while we are on this subject. I *do* like the custom in Hollywood of wearing pants or jeans for day-time, even to go shopping. We could never do that in the East. But ... whoever thought that I was 'overdressed', do you suppose? I'm so puzzled!"

"Is it true that you are 'lonely', that you have no friends your own age?" I asked her.

"No, it is *not* true," replied Sandra, with emphasis on the *not*. I simply don't have very much time to date, I've been working so hard. But I *do* date on weekends. That's what most girls in high school do, isn't it?

"I have been out with Sal Mineo and Lindsay Crosby and Johnny Wilder and Kenny Miller ... once or twice with each of them. And some other boys, too.

"That's what I mean about having my 'young fun' now, long after other girls have started. It's been a whole new set of experiences to me to go to movies, to go horseback riding, surf riding, picnicing on the beach, to go to those funny coffee houses. I always had 'grown-up fun' before. Now I'm having 'young fun' and I adore it. I never knew about it before. How can anyone say I am 'bored'? That's another thing that I resent." She brooded a bit.

Sandra and her mother have recently bought a house in Hollywood and were in the process of moving in when we had our chat. Sandra's plans were ecstatic.

"Parties!" she trilled. "I'm going to have so many parties ... if we ever get any furniture in. But even without it we

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LONELY? Sandra, who's currently appearing in "Imitation Of Life," denies that she is, insists that she dates boys on weekends.





"What
I've
never
told
before"



GOLFING on a Sunday afternoon is one of the pleasures Jim shares with daughter, Kimberly, whom he worships.

*Reluctant in the past to discuss his private life,
Jim takes off the wraps for the first time and
talks about his home and marriage*

By JERRY ASHER

BACK IN 1952 when James Bumgarner was discharged from the U. S. Infantry (complete with Purple Heart), this veritable soldier of fortune faced an uncontrollable urge for the first time in his unpredictable life. After 28 nomadic years, the handsome, footloose fellow found himself thinking about home—a permanent home, a wife and kids—a home with permanent roots.

He'd always been a drifter—destination unknown. Now suddenly, his alien thoughts and emotions made him feel like a stranger to himself and he was disturbed. After all, here he was in the heart of Korea and there was no particular person waiting for him back in Norman, Oklahoma. Where could he go and possibly find such a person, he asked himself. And could he mend his ways, he argued inwardly, and readjust his life, if he did happen to find what he was searching for.

"It's quite a leap from a foxhole in Korea—to *this!*" the former infantryman exclaims, as his expressive dark eyes dart from corner to corner of a huge Warners' soundstage. "But it can happen if you learn to take things the way they are and then, through luck and circumstances, it all works out for you in the way it was supposed to be. When your way of life changes, all you have to do is change too."

Ex-infantryman James Bumgarner is today's Jim Garner, who habitually trounces TV Trendex ratings. As ABC's tumbleweed star of the "Maverick" series, he reflects what he feels. He reflects the peace, serenity and quiet composure of a man who has changed and is sharing love with

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TIME spent with Kimberly or his baby, Greta, is treasured by Jim. He's currently starring in Warners' movie "Up Periscope."

his loved ones. On big Jim the results are not only becoming, they're most deserving because he's dedicated his enthusiastic heart to making his marriage number one in importance on his personal poll.

"In 1956 when I met Lois (Clarke) at a Hollywood friend's house," Jim recalls, "I was still drifting around and pretty obscure, as far as pictures were concerned. We were married a month and a half later and my life up to this phase is now a familiar story. What I've never told before, is this:

"Those who knew me fairly well were skeptical. What did Lois and I have in common, they asked. Here I was a big fellow (6 feet, 3 inches tall), crazy about sports and almost too realistic. Lois was petite, they pointed out, she was the indoor type and not too practical. No one stopped to consider that what I lacked she had, and vice versa. So they spoke their piece and now I can speak mine. On the 17th of next August, Lois and I will celebrate our third wedding anniversary and, while I've always been a dreamer, I guess, even I never dreamed these last three years could bring so much happiness. Isn't it ironic that now I'm a homebody, I'm playing a drifter with no home ties!"

When Jim, Lois and her daughter, Kimberly, by a former marriage (Jim worships the 10-year-old and refers to her as—"that little doll!"), started out together, they didn't have money enough for a house and furniture. So they rented a modest walk-up apartment that wasn't too far from the studio. Then they bought a couch, dining room set, bedroom furniture and had every intention of adding things that eventually would fit into their own home.

"The way it's worked out," Jim explains, "we've added very little and are still living in the apartment. There has been little time and no opportunity for anything but hard work. But now we are near to having that home, probably within a year. Needless to say, the prospect is very exciting."

Unlike another box-office star whose studio just furnished his house in lieu of a bonus, Jim Garner has an independent streak that matches his sturdy muscles. He wants nothing for free, he finds a certain satisfaction in earning what he deserves and could never appreciate anything that is given to

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WANTING his children to be normal, Jim discourages any notion that there may be special privileges in having a famous father.



photos by David Sutton, Galaxy



exerts great parental care and concern in raising his daughters, whom he wants to be normal



JIM celebrates his third wedding anniversary on August 17. "I never dreamed these years could bring so much happiness," he says.

KIM NOVAK

CHEZ KIM

*Modest on the outside, elegant
on the inside, Kim's new home is perched atop a
mountain with a view commanding Los Angeles*





PAINTING above sofa in Kim's living room (at left) is artist's conception of Kim as a child.



DEN is done in purple, Kim's favorite color. Kim is now starring in "Middle Of The Night."



BEDROOM is blue and white. White and brass bed has candelabra at each side of headboard.

END

My brother, Frankie Avalon

By Theresa Avallone

*"When he calls a girl for a date
he's a riot. 'Little brother, who are
you fooling?' I'm tempted to say"*

photos by Curt Gunther, Topix



MAMA Avallone lets Frankie sample a meatball while his sister Theresa, the author of this story, looks on.

THE FIRST Frankie Avalon fan club started in South Philadelphia on September 18, 1940, the moment that a nurse told my happy father, "It's a boy!"

Its charter members are my father, Nicholas Avallone, my mother, Mary, and me. From the day he was born, we've adored Frankie. I suppose that the only reason he didn't turn into the worst spoiled brat in the neighborhood is that he loves us as much as we love him.

I'm three years older, and although it was my job to keep an eye on him while our parents worked, I never felt that I was his baby sitter. Frankie was too independent for that. He has always been full of both devilry and goodness; a boy who could get into mischief, but who also took responsibility for himself.

His daring sometimes scared us. When he was four years old, a row of new houses was being built back of our home on Hamburger Street. Inventing games, the kids swarmed over the mounds of dirt left by the excavations. They buried Frankie alive. Workmen dug him out a few breaths short of suffocation. My mother had fits, but that didn't stop Frankie. He'd come in from play, scratched and dirty. When we asked what he had been doing, he'd answer, "I climbed a mountain."

Our school, St. Edmund's, was just down the block. Frankie was the champion at thinking up tricks to tease the Sisters. His grades were high, but he never got an A in obedience. Frankie wore a well-traveled path to the office of the Mother Superior. Yet in spite of his mischief, the Sisters liked Frankie. When, years later, that song, "Teacher's Pet," became one of my brother's first hits, there were old friends who said, "You sure knew what you were singing about, Frankie, that was you."

After school, each of us had our home chores. I could count on Frankie to quit his play and turn up on time to do his share. He refused to make beds or wash dishes, but he was no stranger to the vacuum cleaner. Even now, when he's home, he helps tidy up. We call him the ash tray emptier.

As soon as he got his first coaster wagon, Frankie invented his first job. Standing outside the supermarket, he'd put on his brightest smile and offer, "Carry your packages, ma'am?" He earned all his own spending money. Boxing gloves were one of his first purchases. He was the best boxer of his age at his boys' club, and yearned to be a prizefighter when he grew up.

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DANCING with a neighborhood girl friend, Frankie's the picture of poise. He now has a weekly radio show on the ABC network.

MUSIC is Frankie's first love, but until he was 10 years old, he was a confirmed music-hater. But a movie changed all that.

There was just one way that he disappointed my father. He absolutely detested music, and in the Avallone family, that came close to being a major crime.

My father, a machinist, had always wanted to be a musician. Dad plays piano and some guitar. Our uncle has a band—Marty Avalon and His Gaytones. Almost every week all the relatives gathered at our house to sing up a storm.

All except Frankie. He made a perfect nuisance of himself whizzing through the living room on his scooter or on roller skates. He'd do anything he could think of to make a noise and break up the singing.

He and my father argued constantly about the piano. I was taking lessons, but Frankie refused. My father coaxed him, saying, "Just try this scale, Frankie. It's easy."

Frankie always backed off. He'd say, "Who wants to learn that sissie stuff? Come on, Dad, put on the gloves and spar a round with me." There wasn't a thing my father could do to make that boy touch a key.

THEN, when he was ten years old, our whole life changed because Frankie saw a movie called "Young Man With A Horn," in which Kirk Douglas starred and Harry James played the trumpet solos.

Frankie came home so excited he could scarcely talk. "You've got to see it, Dad," he insisted. "The music is just the greatest ever."

From Frankie, the music hater, this was surprising, so sur-



home he can still be very much a teenager"

prising my father refused to take him seriously. He just said, "You know I don't like movies. What else is new?"

But Frankie wouldn't give up. The next day he stayed through two shows. About the fourth time he went, he persuaded Dad to go with him. The tenth time, he came home and said, "I want a trumpet. I'm going to be a trumpet player."

We never had any spare dollars at our house, but we did without other things to get Frankie his trumpet. A friend who was taking lessons taught him to play scales. We pinched a few more pennies. Frankie stepped up his grocery delivery business and soon he was having lessons from a teacher that Frankie insisted was the best trumpet player in town. My folks were delighted. Mother, particularly, was glad to see him drop his ambition to become a fighter.

At first, Frankie's friends, the Sisters at school, were not pleased. They thought Frankie should take his lessons at St. Edmund's music department. Frankie attended to that little problem. Within three months, he was over there as a volunteer, helping the Sisters teach trumpet to the other students.

Things moved amazingly fast after that. Frankie started a band of his own, made up of older boys. My uncle Marty coached them and made their musical arrangements. They practised in our basement. Soon they were playing weddings and dances, usually for free, but there were enough of what Frankie called "the real good jobs" where some one gave them a few dollars, to pay for his lessons.

To have a picnic on the beach at Atlantic City had always

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FAMILY dinner shows Frankie, mother, father, sister Theresa. Frankie was a whiz on the trumpet before he took up vocalizing

FRANKIE loves to roughhouse with his collie, Dee Dee Dinah, until his mother yells, "Stop before you smash everything in the place."





Teenage sophisticate

An engaging mixture of worldliness and naivete, maturity and youthful exuberance is Hollywood's newest teen star

photos by Gene Trindl, Topix



TUESDAY lives at home with her mother, Mrs. Aileen Weld, in Hollywood Hills. She's now in Paramount's "The Five Pennies."

By MARK DAYTON

IN THE LONG, long ago when Tuesday Weld was only 14 years old—little more than a year and a half back, to be precise—she made an exception to a fairly ironclad rule. She disregarded her usual preference for older males, and dated a boy of 15.

She gave it a good try, but it was a foredoomed washout.

"He wasn't immature intellectually," Tuesday explains why she was amenable in the first place. "He was a very smart boy."

But he had the curse of his youth—and it was enough to tire Tuesday of his company the first time around.

"He was just immature socially," Tuesday says more in sadness than in censure. "He lacked assurance. I didn't feel secure with him. I couldn't relax. It was almost as if I didn't know whether I should pay or he should pay."

Tuesday Weld—a fresh, twinkling-eyed vision of teenage loveliness, and Hollywood's most talked about new personality—does not often expose herself to such social discomfiture. Her distaste for such a debacle is only one of numerous reasons why the males who people the wondrous world of Tuesday Weld are comparative senior citizens ranging anywhere from their early 20's to mid 30's.

There even was one night she went out with a man of 44, who has snow on the roof, a doubtful fire in the furnace, is scrappily married and unabashedly admits to having five children, the oldest of whom is only four years younger than Tuesday. I am that cad. Of course, there is no reason to be scandalized since I lack the courage of my delusions. Besides, Tuesday went along with the knowledge, if not without the misgivings of her mother, and I squired Tuesday both with the knowledge and consent of my wife, who was disconcertingly convinced that neither she nor Tuesday had anything to fear.

Needless to say—but it might be better to say it anyhow—the evening was entirely platonic, although not therefore dull. I thought it might be entertaining and illuminating to combine my interview of this enchanting teenage sophisti-

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She may be only 15, but the world of adolescence is as far removed from Tuesday as kindergarten is from most teenage girls

cate with a pleasant dinner at one of Hollywood's famed eating places. Lest anyone do Tuesday a disservice and get the notion that she puts herself in the custody of older men before discovering they are absolutely harmless, it should be pointed out that we had met and conversed on several previous occasions, one of them under the appraising eye of her mother.

We made our plans over the phone, and when I suggested dinner at Frank Sinatra's Hollywood stamping grounds, the Villa Capri, Tuesday squealed approval in a captivating regression of teenage exuberance.

"Then I'll meet you at seven," she confirmed the arrangements, "and ask for your table!"

"Right," I said.

"Ohh—how elegant!" she exclaimed.

All through the Italian feast—antipasto, steak and peppers, and *three* desserts—other diners kept staring at our table and muttering about my lovely golden-haired, hazel-eyed

companion, "What's a pretty young chick like her doing with an old geezer like that?"

Tuesday had come to Hollywood after modeling and understudying the two ingenue leads in "Dark At The Top Of The Stairs" on Broadway, a number of attention compelling TV performances, and a nine-day movie shot in the Bronx with Teddy Randazzo under the title of "Rock, Rock, Rock." In less than a year, her impact was beginning to be felt with undeniable effect in the movie colony. She registered a solid hit as Comfort Goodpasture, the sexy teenager in 20th's "Rally Round The Flag, Boys," then played Danny Kaye's polio stricken daughter in "The Five Pennies" at Paramount, only to be commandeered back to 20th Century-Fox where she was signed to co-star with Dwayne Hickman in the forthcoming TV series, "The Many Loves Of Dobie Gillis." In addition, she played Rick Nelson's girl friend in two upcoming episodes of "The Adventures Of Ozzie And Harriet." In what free time she has left, she attends the Hollywood Professional School and finds herself on a dizzy whirl of interviews with independent and studio producers clamorously bidding for her services.

After dinner and a nice, long chat, I dropped her off at the home she shares with her attractive, youthful brunette mother, Mrs. Aileen Weld, in Hollywood Hills, overlooking Sunset Strip. Tuesday, a very composed young lady, extended a hand encased in a white knit glove, and said, as if she were Greta Garbo, "Thank you for a lovely evening."

It may be a contradiction in terms to call Tuesday Weld a teenage sophisticate, but that's what she is—a living contradiction in terms. That well may hold the secret to her thoroughly devastating charms. She has managed to attain an effortless, authentic air of worldliness without giving up or apologizing for a frequently pixie set of teenage mannerisms and enthusiasms. Behind the innocent peaches-and-cream doll face is a remarkably perceptive mind that whizzes along at 100 miles an hour.

Her engaging mixture of ingenuousness and sophistry is apparent in almost everything Tuesday does—whether it's her compelling command of the English language, her compulsive food binges and her impulsive diets, her attitude toward stardom, or the way she feels about being interviewed.

People—young or old—who use the word "climactic" correctly are not too often encountered, but Tuesday is one of them. She has an extensive vocabulary that enables her to hold her own with the most articulate of adults. Yet this doesn't prevent her from punctuating her remarks, from time to time, with hilarious malapropisms.

For example, she refers to actor Mark Damon, who is one of her informal language mentors, as "my vocabular friend." Recently, she ate nothing but vegetables for three days and boasted, "I was on a vegetation diet!" She praised Dennis Hopper, a favorite among her older boy friends, for his active mind with the comment, "I think he's got a dilating brain."

She is as captivating in her lapses as she is in her eloquence, because she is not a pretentious conversationalist—although she manages to plumb some mighty deep depths.

"I don't feel that my vocabulary is exceptional at all," she protests with no evidence of compliment-fishing. "I'm always trying to improve it. I have some friends who are very intellectual and so forth, and I try out all my new words on them. If I don't pronounce them correctly, they tell me how to pronounce them. They're good enough friends to tell me."

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TUESDAY'S eating habits are erratic. She may diet for days on end, then do a complete turnabout and devour everything in sight.



AN AURA of worldliness cannot disguise a frequent pixie set of mannerisms and youthful enthusiasms.



BEHIND the innocent doll face is a remarkable mind that enables her to hold her own with many adults.

photos by Del Hayden, Topix



Two-fisted rebel

Ever since he was a youngster, Stuart Whitman thought he had to fight his way through life; then he learned a lesson that he never forgot

STUART WHITMAN is a man today instead of a number—thanks to some lessons he learned in time.

All his life he had headed towards trouble. It was a life built on the power of fists, of wanting to be an insider and not an outsider, of believing you had to fight for every inch you gained. A life peopled with gangs and bums.

Some of the kids Stuart associated with when he went to high school are in San Quentin now. "And there but for the grace of God I might be," Stuart has said.

It has been a strange life, a tragic life in many ways. But the young star of 20th Century-Fox's "These Thousand Hills" and "The Sound And The Fury" found the right track just in time.

His story goes back to his early childhood when he was taken to the first grade one morning by his mother. His parents were young—his father only 25 and his mother 24. He still recalls that first day in school, the shyness he felt around his teacher, his resentments, his "dukes up" attitude where the kids were concerned.

It was a school in the Coney Island section of Brooklyn, N.Y.—and when he walked inside most of the teachers thought to themselves, "Oh, no—not another Whitman." His dad was one of a family of 13 and all had gone to this same school. And each had had to face a challenge similar to that which faced Stuart.

After school, a group of boys calling themselves the Banana Gang lined up to make it tough for any newcomer. The new student could only hope to run past the line so fast that they couldn't catch him. Stuart made it the first day.

But then he decided not to run any more. So on the next day he walked jauntily past the gang, yelled, "Hi, Banana noses!" And he got what he looked for—a fight.

That was the beginning of many fights for Stuart. His parents started moving to so many different places that Stuart never felt he belonged anywhere. His father was studying law but was in the construction business on the side and went where his jobs took him. For Stuart to complete one semester in the same school was amazing.



STUART courted his wife, Patty, in blue jeans and T-shirt though she was a lady.

By JACK HOLLAND

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Since he couldn't belong anywhere, he fought to get on the inside. He adopted a belligerent attitude, such as the one he had when he told everyone that the old train which had sat near his grandmother's house for years, unused, was *his* train. And then he waited for anyone to try to dispute his "ownership" claim.

Being a fighter wasn't new to Stuart because his father was, as Stuart put it, "Always putting his dukes up and showing me how to use my fists."

Actually, the relationship between Stuart and his father in those early days wasn't an ideal one. The young kid made a point of staying clear of his father as much as possible. He even tried to eat dinner before his dad came home because he'd get a whack if his manners weren't all they should be. Consequently, Stuart went into his own shell.

Wherever Stuart moved, and most of the places he lived in in the East, he found gangs. After he had his first fight he decided to have his own outfit called the Fifth St. Gang. He had plenty of buddies to follow him.

"After I finished the first grade I went to live with some friends of my family's in Connecticut," Stuart said. "In summers, my parents sent me to a farm or some camp, and

for a while I lived with my grandmother and several of my cousins. I don't remember being close to anyone at the time, although I did enjoy listening to my older cousin Terry tell us scary stories at nights.

"From the beginning, I was hard to get along with. I had a man-sized temper. I recall once getting mad at my grandfather. He had a furniture store and to get even with him I painted some of the furniture green. Boy! did my dad tan my hide then! I was almost raw!

"I had a crazy attitude then. I got pleasure out of doing something dangerous because then I felt I was closer to living. I used to do risky things—like in the winter taking my sled and riding down the roller coaster. I also used to dive off the pier in winter—without knowing how to swim. After I did this enough I learned how to swim all right, even without lessons.

"To me, school was a waste of time—from the very beginning. I didn't like many subjects except arithmetic and I hated that later. Above all, I loathed spelling. My only school memories are those times when I was called into the principals' offices because I'd been fighting—and facing my mother and father there. After each meeting, my dad belted me good. I was expelled from over half of the schools I attended—and I had gone to 26 of them by the time I was ready for high school."

Stuart's parents recognized that his temper was his biggest problem. They talked to him about it but nothing seemed to do much good. However, his mother can still remember the time he came home and proudly said to her. "Mom, I had a right to lose my temper today but I didn't." The way he bragged about it proved he had moments when he tried to control himself. He didn't lose his temper with his dad, though, because he knew his father would take care of him for that.

Few people touched his life until he spent almost a year in upstate New York. His parents had taken a cottage near a lake—his father was starting a housing development nearby—and there were no conveniences of any kind. Water even had to be carried from the lake to the house.

But there he met two people who brought some warmth into his existence, who made him feel that he mattered. One was a man who was a snake trader and the other was a girl.

"I used to go out in my boat with a shotgun and pop off the heads of turtles and snakes that I could see above the water," Stuart said. "One day this man caught me and gave me quite a lecture. He then told me that each animal had a purpose in life, even the poisonous snakes. He had a boa constrictor, several rattlers and other snakes penned up in his cabin, all of which fascinated me.

THERE were a good many coral snakes in that country, so I'd go out and catch them for him. He sold them and gave me a commission. We had quite a friendship.

"As for the girl—at 14 I fell in love for the first time. She was the daughter of a judge in the town and the only friend I made in school that semester. I thought she was great. But before the romance could really bloom my dad brought me the fatal news—we were moving again and I had to leave her. It almost broke my heart. We wrote to each other for quite a while and then the letters dwindled away."

Before Stuart left this upstate New York town, however, he had his first taste of acting when, as a school activity, he worked two seasons in summer stock. But the bug didn't bite him too hard.

Then his family moved to California—and, of course, his

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STUART and Patty eloped in 1952 after she'd become engaged to another. She has since admitted she planned the whole thing.

has given me an incentive to get somewhere, a reason in life," claims the "reformed" Stuart



PERCHED on his father's legs is Mike, Stuart's four-year-old son. He has three other children: Tony, 5, Linda, 2, and Scott, 1.

PATTY, Scott, Mike and Stuart make up this foursome at the Whitmans. Stuart's latest film is "The Sound And The Fury."



TRANQUIL pursuits have taken the place of fighting in Stuart's life. Caring for wounded GPs began the change.

Play clothes— plus!



Shorts with a flower—

pants with a sash.

The sun fashions are easier—

but much fancier!

By SUE COLLINS

THE DAYS WHEN you pulled on a plain shirt and a pair of shorts for summer relaxing are definitely over. You still relax, of course, but now you dress up to do it. The big trend in the new play clothes is easy fabrics plus fancy touches. Now you look feminine even while you go fishing, you're pretty on a picnic, and you're high fashion on a hike! This season's crop of vacation clothes offers glamoured-up versions of everything from blue jeans to knitted pullovers. Shorts, slacks, clamdiggers, culottes, tops, play skirts and separates of all kinds have gone feminine. Somehow the contrast between casual clothes that can take more or less rugged outdoor life, and outright furbelows, makes everything more fun! Here are some of the fancy-schmancy touches to look for when you shop for vacation clothes this year: fruits and flowers appliqued all over the place; embroidery even on tough fabrics; embroidered braid; ruffles in unexpected places; sashes; cape and bertha effects; and big sleeves, especially the new lantern sleeves. The fashions on this page are good examples. Instead of a plain pullover, choose the striped one with the fringe on the bottom (opposite), with a matching fringed sash. Then add an open mesh boater, with a striped hat band. Or choose white sharkskin (upper right) appliqued in brilliant flowers, and belted with same! Or contrast (lower right) a striped-lined capelet covering your shoulders, with very brief shorts that bare most of your leg! Naturally, perked up as your play clothes may be, you want to relax in them without worrying about wrinkling or whether or not they'll launder. Well, relax all you want. All four fashions shown here are made with easy-care Arnel. They wash like dreams—even in a washing machine!



Flowers where flowers never used to be, on sports clothes meant for action. Arnel sharkskin. Tops, about \$6 each. Shorts, \$7. Skirt, \$7. Hollywood Casuals.

◀ The new dressier look for play in striped, fringed top over pants. Arnel and cotton top, about \$6. Arnel and rayon pants, about \$8. By Campus Casuals.



The little boy pants look, topped off by a feminine capelet with matching striped lining. In Arnel and cotton. By Sportivo. END

HOLLYWOOD LOVE LIFE

BY DOROTHY O'LEARY

★ Joanne Woodward and Paul Newman happy living in N.Y.

★ Dolores Hart having long distance phone romance?



BANQUET at Hollywood's Moulin Rouge is attended by Liz Taylor and Eddie Fisher.

LOVIN' COUPLE—After a year and a half of marriage, Natalie Wood and Bob Wagner still qualify as love birds. Nat gave Bob a big, shiny black Jaguar for his birthday, so he wanted to give her an "un-birthday" present. Having presented her with all the big things like minks, a car and jewelry, he decided on another poodle, a little grey one. But now the white one they already had is about to have pups! The Wagners have just bought a big new home in Beverly Hills, complete with tennis court and pool. Their next dream is to do a picture together and well they may since Nat has settled her contract beef with Warner Bros. and now will be able to do a film a year at another studio.

CUT IN—Al Hedison was quite taken with Luciana Paluzzi, the tiny, reddish-blond, 21-year-old beauty assigned to play opposite him in his new TV series, "Five Fingers." So he began taking her to lunch in the 20th Century commissary. Then Stephen Boyd began "sitting in" on lunch with them and Steve and Luciana discovered they had met in her native Italy when he was making "Ben-Hur." Now they're dating.

NO TROUBLE—The rumor-mongers started speculating when Victoria Shaw stayed at a downtown Los Angeles hotel during much of her work in "The Crimson Kimono," but the explanation is simple and there's no rift with husband Roger Smith. Most of "Kimono" was shot at night in the downtown Japanese section. Victoria would get home in the Valley about 5 a.m. Her two babies would wake up at 6 and there was no sleep for her after that. So finally she went to a hotel. Roger was working days on "77 Sunset Strip" but many evenings visited Victoria on her set.

BUSY DEBBIE—It's work, work, work for Debbie Reynolds who will make five big films this year. A cure for heart-break? Anyway, Debbie has not lost her sense of humor through her travails and really endeared herself to all her co-

workers at 20th Century in "Say One For Me." At the end of the film, she and co-stars Bing Crosby and Bob Wagner had a party for cast and crew and Debbie had a gag gift with individual note for every person, nearly 100! That took time and effort, and meantime she was finishing that picture and preparing to leave for Spain to do "It Started With A Kiss" with Glenn Ford. Although Debbie said a firm "no" to a quickie Mexican divorce for Eddie, when he first requested it, she later agreed—so Liz and Eddie will probably be wed by the time you read this!

M AND M—Don't be surprised if you read "romance" items about Jo Morrow and Kerwin Mathews in Europe. They'll both be in England although working in different films. Kerwin gave a big going away party for red-haired Jo before he took off for "Ten Years A Counterspy." Jo finished "The Legend Of Tom Dooley" one day, the next took off for a personal appearance tour for "Gidget," came back for one week during which she had to have costume fittings and have her hair bleached blonde, then left for five-months' work in Europe and Cuba for "Our Man In Havana," in which she'll work with Sir Alec Guinness, Noel Coward, Burl Ives, Ernie Kovacs and Sir Ralph Richardson. What a break for Jo!

ROMANTIC—Jack "Maverick" Kelly and May Wynn say they are such "incurable romantics" that they have a "honeymoon a year." They just celebrated their third anniversary with a trip to Hawaii. Jack says "Hollywood marriages are tough enough without separations" so he has a clause in his Warner contract stipulating he doesn't have to go on any locations where May couldn't go along! May has had several film offers that would have necessitated a separation from Jack and has turned them down.

LONG DISTANCE—Every time we report on John Smith he has a new "romance." Seems as if he's competing with Hugh O'Brian as the "datingest bachelor

in Hollywood." Currently, he's long-distance-phone-romancing Dolores Hart. They had known each other slightly here. Then John flew to New York when he had a few days off from filming his TV "Cimarron City." He went to see "The Pleasure Of His Company," in which Dolores is playing on Broadway, went backstage to see her and they had a couple of dates before he returned. Dolores is tied up in the play until September so John plans to fly back to see her before that.

"BEST FRIEND"—Neither young Millie Perkins nor Dean Stockwell will admit a romance but they are having lots of dates for dinner, movies and rides during the day when they both shoot lots of pictures; they share the candid camera hobby. Millie insists Dean is her "best friend," which she also said of George Stevens, Jr., when she was dating him. Anyway, Millie showed up unexpectedly at the sneak preview of Dean's "Compulsion" and Dean dittoed at the San Francisco sneak of Millie's "Diary Of Anne Frank," to the genuine surprise of their studio co-workers.

CHOICE—It isn't every bride who has a choice of twelve homes for her honeymoon house but June Lockhart did. Bridegroom John Lindsey, an architect, was building a dozen houses in a new development near Pasadena and told June to take her pick before their April wedding. He also gave her a new Cad for a wedding present.

TWO ALIKE—And it isn't every bride who has two honeymoon houses, but Raquel Torres has, both identical in floor plan and furnishing, one in Bel Air, one at Malibu. Secretly, she and Jon Hall had been planning their marriage for six months and built the Bel Air house, liked it so much that when they decided to build at the beach they duplicated it exactly! Both are Chinese modern. Jon's busy making his South Seas TV series in Mexico where he's found beaches similar to those in the South Pacific.



ANOTHER steady duo, Dorothy Malone and Jacques Bergerac, also indulge in night life.

HAPPY IN N.Y.—Our New York special agent reports that Joanne Woodward and Paul Newman are so happy in Manhattan that Paul would like to have his leave of absence from films extended to two years. He's already been granted a year for his smash Broadway play, "Sweet Bird Of Youth." Joanne, so proud of Paul's success and waiting for the birth of their baby, "literally radiates happiness," said our private eye.

HEARTBREAKER—Dorothy Provine, the well-stacked brain from University of Washington—she made Phi Beta Kappa—is doing well in the career and romance departments, too. Alan Ladd's older son, Laddie, an agent, had been "practically engaged" to a pretty dental assistant; they planned to marry this summer. But a few weeks ago they went to a party where Laddie met the Provine. He flipped. They've been dating since. End romance for P.D.A. Dorothy literally looms large in "Lou Costello And His 30-Foot Bride" which will probably get a new title since the untimely death of Lou.

LOCATION ROMANCE—It was June rhyming with moon all during the location of "A Summer Place" in Monterey for Sandra Dee and Troy Donahue, a tall, blond and handsome lad. They had met at U-I but never dated until they started working together in the new Warner Bros. film. Sandra and Lin Crosby have been dating too but at the moment she says "I like Troy" On the same location trip, Richard Egan had Patricia along for a "second honeymoon." They were married a year ago and spent their first one in that same area.

LUCKY DAY—A dazzling diamond pin and matching earrings were Marty Melcher's present to Doris Day for her birthday, and for their eighth anniversary he plans to have copied in their new home the sitting-bedroom of her apartment in "Anyway The Wind Blows," because she admires it so much! Furniture

is upholstered in white antique satin, carpet is white, splashes of color are in cushions and paintings. Real gone.

DEVOTED—There's no doubt about Susan Hayward's unwillingness to be separated from her husband Eaton Chalkley. As soon as she finished "Woman Obsessed," she rushed home to Georgia, even though she knew she'd have to return here in two weeks for dubbing and retakes on the film. The Chalkleys are building a new home on their 300 acres near Carrollton, Ga. They don't have to build a swimming pool; they already have a two-acre pond on their property!

SHY GUY?—"Everybody thinks I'm a rebel, a beatnik. Really, I'm shy," Dennis Hopper told Dorothy Johnson on one of their recent dates. Well, we don't know anyone else who thinks he's shy! Dennis has also been dating Tuesday Weld, and Dorothy's other beau is John Gabriel.

BACHELOR DIGS—Barry Coe has been looking for a house to rent which led chums to conjecture "Is he about to marry Judi Meredith?" We guess "no". Barry has the craziest collection of hi-fi equipment and like most stereophonic buffs he likes to use it at full volume. His apartment neighbors are not too enchanted with this!

GIVE HER TIME—Carol Lynley was brought from Broadway to recreate her role in "Blue Denim." The film was delayed and it was thought she had matured too much so she was cast in "Holiday For Lovers" opposite Gary Crosby. But now, after all, she will do "Denim." Meantime, she hasn't had time for dates and also says, "I don't know anyone!" She's so cute, this won't last. Carol and her mother have rented a house here and she's very happy. She grew up in New York apartments and now at 17 she's living in a house for the very first time.

BAUBLES—Jill St. John, also in "Holiday," was told not to wear any of her personal jewelry in the film because it's "too expensive" for the girl she's portraying. She owns some lovely pieces, presents from Lance Reventlow. But she has managed to wear one thing he gave her—a narrow, inconspicuous gold identification bracelet engraved with his name. His mother, Barbara Hutton, gave it to the young millionaire when he was a boy and he recently presented it to Jill.

SHORT SHOTS—Linda Cristal and Bob Champion part Dana Wynter studying Russian at the local Berlitz school because she's going to Moscow with attorney husband Greg Bautzer Leslie Caron and Peter Hall, who never had time for a real honeymoon, are having one now—three weeks in Italy. They left the children home! . . . Diane Baker's "real boy friend" just went into the Army and she says she'll wait two years for him. But she's having lunch dates with Ron Ely and John Gabriel. . . . Connie Stevens has been signed by Warners for TV, features and records. She's just cut a duo platter with Edd Byrnes and they've also been dating. But Connie also sees Jimmy Boyd and Lin Crosby and her favorite beau is young actor Gary Clarke While Jack Lemmon was on a vacation tour of Europe with his father, best girl Felicia Farr bought a dazzling Don Loper wardrobe. Trousseau, maybe? . . . Ernie Borgnine gave Katy Jurado a big diamond to make the engagement official. They'll wed in September Dinah Shore and George Montgomery celebrate their sixteenth anniversary with a trip to Europe this summer So Anna Kashfi finally filed for divorce from Marlon Brando and her settlement may amount to a million bucks, depending on the profits of his next picture, "Orpheus Descending." In Greek mythology, Orpheus was quite a musician and that settlement would be music to anybody's ears! **END**



LOVELY Donna Reed and husband, producer Tony Owen, take in a Hollywood opening.



ON THE stork's list for November are Ty Hardin and his pretty wife, Andra Martin.

let's look at ● the RECORDS



Reviews of new discs by **BOB CROSBY**, NBC-TV star

A THRUSH of rather brilliant plumage, **Carmen McRae** does her bit for the cause of ornithology with her new Decca titled, "Birds Of A Feather." Carmen's caught herself a flock of fine-feathered friends, including "Skylark," "Flamingo" and "Baltimore Oriole." Miss McRae flies high on this one with an outstanding assist from Ralph Burns and his orchestra. . . . **Buddy Knox**, one-half of the Roulette money-making team of Knox and Bowen, stays right in the heavy-coin groove with his newest release. The lead side is a melancholy etching, "I Think I'm Gonna Kill Myself," that should keep the record dealers happy. The flip side is the up half of his manic depressive biscuit, keeping up a rocking two-and-a-half minutes that should sweep away the gloom and doom engendered by the other side. "To Be With You" is its name and romance is its game. . . . **Joni James'** association with the late composer-singer Hank Williams goes back to Joni's fabulously successful rendering of Hank's "Your Cheatin' Heart." Hank was undoubtedly the king of popularized country and western music. Here, in an M-G-M album, "Joni James Sings Songs By Hank Williams," the reasons become very apparent. In addition to "Cheatin' Heart," the LP contains such Williams classics as "Cold Cold Heart," "Hey, Good Lookin'" and "Jambalaya". . . . With the movie version of "Porgy And Bess" coming out, there no doubt will be a lot of covering records. But we'll settle for **Pearl Bailey's** Roulette album, "Pearl Bailey Sings Porgy and Bess and Other Gershwin Melodies." "Bess You Is My Women," "Summertime," "It Ain't Necessarily So," "A Foggy Day" and "Someone To Watch Over Me" are the tunes included.

One of the most superfluous bits of information we've uncovered recently is the fact that **Marilyn Monroe** can sing. Her new United Artists recording taken from the soundtrack of "Some Like It Hot," demonstrates that, sight unseen,

Marilyn can still make an impression. Through the torchy ballad "I'm Through With Love" and the up-beat "I Wanna Be Loved By You," Mrs. Miller conducts herself in a manner befitting a top-notch vocalist. . . . A Columbia album of dance music by **Les Elgart** and his orchestra titled "Les Elgart On Tour" is a fine sample slice of one of America's leading orchestra's dedicated to the proposition of getting people to trip the light fantastic. The Elgart touch is a light, deft one; the music is crisp, fairly uncomplicated and, as we mentioned before, super-danceable. . . . **Jerri Adams**, the good-looking Columbia chirper, has a winning twosome going for her. The top side, "Who Needs You," is a sprightly thing replete with a beat; the flip side's a quieter ballad, "Play For Keeps," a number which gets to the heart of an affair of the heart. . . . The **Kings-ton Trio**, via its latest Capitol etching, is keeping its fans blissful. The coupling consists of "Tiajuana Jail" and "Oh Cindy," a pair of folk ballads that should have an immediate rebirth of popularity. If these boys aren't careful, you soon won't be able to tell the folk songs from the pops on the best-seller lists.

Everyone's invited to Roulette Records' "Rock-n-Roll Record Hop," an LP fun-fest. On hand for the festivities are **Frankie Lyman** doing his famous "Why Do Fools Fall In Love," **The Cletones**, **The Playmates**, **The Heartbeats**, **The Valentines** and **The Crows**, which is a full-house of musical activity. . . . In a good-looking, two-LP Coral album, **Neal Hefti** and his orchestra play "The Hollywood Song Book," a collection of the past 24 Academy Award-Winning songs. The album kicks off with 1934's "The Continental" from "The Gay Divorcee" and works its way through the years to 1957's "All The Way" from "The Joker Is Wild." The liner notes are by columnist Sidney Skolsky and give some inside info on each of the selections. . . . **Paul Anka** can play Anka-man on my singin' team

anytime. His new ABC-Paramount release is first-string all the way. The initial half is a mover, "Late Last Night"; second half, "I Miss You So," is slower-tempo'd but loaded with class. . . . **Pat Boone's** back in the singles spotlight. The dashing young knight mounted on white bucks has a new Dot record which contains a wild thing titled "Wang Dang Taffy Apple Tango"—a humorous harpoon aimed at today's cha-cha trends. The reverse offering, "For A Penny," is a typical Boone ballad that comes off smooth as a double scoop ice cream soda.

Singers and trumpet players come and go but **Louis Armstrong** seems to go on forever. In his latest Decca album, "Satchmo In Style," Louis teams up with the Gordon Jenkins orchestra and voices in an assortment of some of his later works. It doesn't matter whether he's working with a small outfit or a lush string setup such as Jenkins'; Satchmo always makes himself and the listener at home. Louis' biting trumpet and gravel voice are as wonderful as ever on numbers like "Blueberry Hill," "Chloe" and "The Whiffenpoof Song." . . . **Tony Bennett**, the big man with the big voice, combines a standard with what could very easily turn into a standard with this performance. The Columbia pairing has the evergreen, "It's So Peaceful In The Country," backed by "Being True To One Another," a fine new ballad which has all the earmarks of staying around a long, long time. . . . **Andre Previn**, who with the aid of a rhythm section has done right by a number of shows over the past several years—"My Fair Lady," "Li'l Abner," "Pal Joey" and "Gigi," now turns his attention to the works of a top Broadway composer, Vernon Duke. Playing solo piano, Andre does a brilliant job on Duke's "What Is There To Say?" "Cabin In The Sky" and "April In Paris," among others. It's all in a Contemporary album titled, reasonably enough, "Andre Previn Plays Songs By Vernon Duke." . . . **The Platters** are liable to pick up all the marbles again with their Mercury coupling, "Enchanted" and "The Sound And The Fury"; the latter is the title song from the movie while the former is a ballad of the genre that the Platters are currently *tres* hot with. It could very well be another "Smoke Gets In Your Eyes" which would put the Platters in another tax bracket for sure. . . . Coral Records has undertaken an ambitious project, "The Jazz Story," a three-LP, boxed album with narration by **Steve Allen**, covering 40 years of jazz and taking in a raft of important jazz figures from **Jelly-Roll Morton** to **Errol Garner** and from **King Oliver** to **Art Farmer**. It's a painless two-hour history course. . . . A fresh new voice and a couple of still-fresh old songs make a winning combination on a hot-off-the-presses Mercury single. **Frank D'Rone**, a fine young singer on his way to the top, tees off on "Fascinatin' Rhythm" and Yesterdays."

END

Coming Attractions

BY RAHNA MAUGHAN

Alias Jesse James

ONLY AN insurance salesman like Bob Hope would sell a \$100,000 paid up insurance policy to a westerner, T. J. James, visiting New York City for a day. And this James, played by steely-eyed Wendell Corey, is none other than Jesse, whose names "loved one" Rhonda Fleming is beneficiary but intends to collect the money himself. Once the horrible mistake is discovered, Hope must find James and buy back the policy or his company will go bankrupt. The resulting trek out west is a gaudy Technicolored circus of naivety and incompetence, but on Hope that sort of thing fits like buckskin clothes. Fortunately, in a surprise finish that includes getting Rhonda and the policy, more than one sharpshooter had headed west. Strictly for laughs, this depends heavily on Hope's curled-lip brand humor. (United Artists.)

Pork Chop Hill

IT'S ONE thing to fight in a battle knowing exactly why you are willing to die; another reason always makes sacrifice easier. At Army Lieutenant Gregory Peck has nothing but the order to take and hold a worthless Korean hill from the Communist Chinese. The explanation to why he and his men face certain death doesn't come

easy, especially with truce at Panmunjon only hours away. Against incredible odds, Peck and his men proceed to carry out orders in the bloody, costly "mop-up operation." To the Communists, human life is dirt cheap, therefore, it's up to us, who hold life so dearly, to show we're not afraid to pay the price in a vicious chess game of nerves and "cold" war. Based on fact, this tremendously moving account of men in battle is reenforced by some high-power acting from Harry Guardino, Rip Torn and George Shibata. As this points out, heroes don't rate monuments nowadays, their glory, if they live to feel it, is just in knowing that they did what they were supposed to. (United Artists.)

Count Your Blessings

IT TOOK centuries for the French to develop their philosophy on love and marriage, so it's small wonder Englishwoman Deborah Kerr has some adjustments to make after she marries French nobleman Rossano Brazzi. Actually, she has little time to know her husband. After a honeymoon of three days, following an equally brief courtship, Brazzi dashes off to war leaving Deborah pregnant and pensive. It isn't before the baby grows into a fine lad of 9 that Brazzi returns from various wars. Judging from his accumulation of female interests, not all the battles



MEETING the famous outlaw inspires Bob Hope to emulate him in "Alias Jesse James."

were military skirmishes. One of the fancier souvenirs was brought back from Indo-China and set up in an extravagant flat in Paris. As soon as Deborah gets whiff of Mistress Mary, she retreats willy-nilly to England, Daddy, and a sterner moral code. While uncle-in-law Maurice Chevalier tries to bring about a reconciliation, Deborah and Brazzi's child figures if he can keep his parents apart, neither will spare any expense to win over his affections. Enjoyable Technicolor soufflé, with a highly improbable ending, that gives Deborah a chance to showcase a very definite talent for comedy. (MGM.)

The Nun's Story

AS A BOOK, this reached the best-seller lists. As a movie this has gentleness and grace, with Audrey Hepburn playing the nun who discovers more is demanded of her than purity, goodness and self-sacrifice. Trained as a nurse in tropical medicine, by the church, Audrey skirts the rules by placing human life and feelings above convent law. Once in the Belgian Congo, where she's assigned to Doctor Peter Finch's operating room, she tries to forget the sharp, but true, observa-

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CONTRITE Rossano Brazzi tries to calm wife Deborah Kerr in "Count Your Blessings."



STORY of the grim last battle of Korean War, "Pork Chop Hill" stars Gregory Peck.



AS NUN and nurse, Audrey Hepburn finds life very demanding in "The Nun's Story."

Why Diane Varsi Quit Hollywood

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like the way he writes," Diane told me later. "I think I would enjoy meeting him some time."

This was a bond between us, and I promised her that the next time John came home from college, I would invite her over for an evening at our house. When she talked of her favorite writers—Rilke, Herman Hesse, Dylan Thomas, T. S. Eliot and e. e. cummings—I understood, because my son was devoted to them, too. She and John were both painfully young; they were, like so many youngsters in ferment, rebellious, searching for some truth, often puzzled and dismayed by the pains and torments of growing up. But Diane was not—or so I was sure—a "beatnik" or even a member of the so-called beat generation. Her values were different; her aims were more lofty. She was uncertain but not afraid; often depressed but not despondent; and she was aware, as she once said, "that *everybody* has kind of a rough time growing up."

"There's so much to life, even the negative side," she went on, with her sweet smile. "Some people see only the ugly things. Even they have much to live for. Just living. I don't know where I'm going, I'm just going. I never knew where I was going, even when I was 15, I didn't know. But it's good to live."

Of course, it was no secret to those close to Diane that she was still visiting an analyst, spending huge chunks of her not-too-big salary every week. I knew, too, that she was under regular treatment by a skin specialist, who was helping her clear up the acne she had suffered from her early teens because of her problems, her irregular hours, the lack of proper food and sleep. It was known, also, that though she had finally divorced her second husband, James Dickson ("He criticized me until I had a nervous breakdown"), she was still seeing him now and then. This was part of Diane, the girl who followed no pattern.

IF SHE was off-beat and a rebel, she was a wonderfully likable one. One day I met her carrying a toy music box under her arm and playing with a bright red yo-yo. A friendly photographer had given them to her as presents, saying "I wish these were diamonds." Another time, not long afterwards, I encountered her outside the 20th Administration Building, when she was climbing into the light blue Ford pickup she was driving then. It was a loan from Tab Hunter, whom she didn't even know. The battered pickup had been turned over to her by Dick Clayton, who was her agent as well as Tab's. I asked her what had happened to her little Volkswagen. "I let somebody borrow it," said Diane, wryly, "and it got wrecked. So I'm getting along with this, until my car is repaired."

But most of all, when I heard about her sudden break with Hollywood, I remembered some significant things she had said, and a little two-line "poem" she wrote which summed up, in a phrase, all that was troubling her.

A week or so after she returned from the verdant, small-town Maine location where she had worked in "Peyton Place," Diane said, "I really fell in love with those people. They were so *real*." She has never forgotten that town: the village square, the 150-year-old church with its white pointed steeple, the quietness at night and the wind that murmured through the leafy oaks and maples, the emerald lawns, the picket fences, the lonely, haunting wail of a train hurrying through the dusk. Somehow, to Diane, this meant peace—a peace that she could never seem to find in Hollywood (or, before that, in San Francisco). It was a peace that she believed would finally be hers in the lovely, green-hilled college town of Bennington, a little place of some 12,000 people, near the Massachusetts-New York State line.

THIS was all part of that "simplicity" she was seeking—a simplicity that even *she* could not define. She could only say, "I must find it, before I can ever truly learn to accept the responsibility of my own humanity."

And then there was the third thing—the little poem that many laughed at and few understood. It was less a poem than a cry from the heart, and there were only two lines, like this:

*Go away and don't bother me,
Can't you see I'm lonesome?*

She had, it seems, *always* been lonesome, ever since she could remember.

Diane Varsi is not the first brilliant, promising actress to forsake Hollywood in mid-career, but she is probably the only one who quit deliberately at 21. The great Garbo was well along in years when she sighed, "I think I go home." Mysterious Jean Arthur was reputedly nearing 40. Gene Tierney, hopelessly in love with playboy Aly Khan and nearing an emotional breakdown, was 34 or 35. June Haver went into a convent in her late 20's. (She came back within six months, later to marry Fred MacMurray.) There were others too who had fine talent and were doing well careerwise when they suddenly, and apparently, for no reason, quit Hollywood.

All these unhappy stars had, seemingly, grave problems. But Diane Varsi's infancy and childhood were more bitter than aloe—so cruel, so tortured that one wonders how she escaped insanity. Her parents were both ill, emotionally disturbed, unable to cope with the world or even their children. (Diane has a sister, Gail, two years younger than herself.) At three, Diane was running down the

streets of San Mateo to her grandmother's, begging to be taken care of. At four, she was placed in a Salt Lake City convent, the youngest, smallest child there, where she had to live alone. When she was seven, she fought with her mother over some new shoes she thought Mrs. Varsi had hidden. Her mother slashed back at her, "Diane, if you keep on like this, you will have a face that is forever *ugly*."

"I could never cry, even as a kid," Diane once said. "People ask me, 'How can you seem so calm?' All the time I'm screaming inside. I'm unable to show emotion. I can't release it. It just stays within me until it finally explodes."

"I think this all goes back to the day when I saw my father and mother cracking up. I looked at them and I was aware of what was happening. After that, whenever my father yelled at me, I knew he was frightened. And I refused to cry or yell back. I'd go back to my room and play the radio real loud, or I'd 'run away' up a tree."

School was another horror. She had virtually no companions. Schoolmates called her "a tramp" and avoided her. Once she ran away to Canada and got a job as a waitress. The police hauled her back. She ran away again, only to have the police after her once more. She was afraid to love anything or anybody. Her grandfather, on whom she relied, petulantly ordered Diane and her mother out of his house. Her parents got a divorce. She ditched school at least two months every year, often turned in blank examination papers, failed in all her studies. She finally quit high school when she was a junior.

SHE wanted to simplify her life—or so she thought—but what she did, subconsciously, was to de-humanize herself. Said Diane, "I took a big pair of shears and I cut my hair to about an inch long all over my head. I never wore make-up. I was studying yoga and I meditated a lot. I was so quiet, I was spooky."

She picked apples, worked as a waitress, packed candles in a San Mateo candle factory. Then one morning when she was about 16, she told her mother, "I'm going out for a walk. I'm going to walk and walk and walk. And I may not come back. I'm going on a kind of religious pilgrimage."

What she did, of course, was to hitchhike to Hollywood with another girl—a girl she barely knew. She had less than \$50. She thought she could become a folk singer, singing her own songs. She danced for a week with Perez Prado's Cuban band, then was back to starving again. Her clothes were one pair of blue jeans and one sweatshirt. She shared a room with a stranger in a cheap Hollywood rooming house. There were times when she would have gone hungry except for an infrequent hamburger or cup of coffee that she got, quite literally, from "pickups"—sympathetic students she encountered on Hollywood Boulevard. Her



ON RECENT visit to amusement area there was little indication of Diane's unhappiness.

face broke out, her teeth hurt. In desperation, she married a boy she hardly knew, had the marriage annulled not long afterwards—and then discovered she was going to have a child. She soon met another man, James Dickson, and married him. Her grandfather Varsi relented enough to lend her money so she could attend Jeff Corey's drama school. She had her baby in the middle of the course, went back to her studies and was eventually taken to see Director Mark Robson, at 20th, who needed an Allison for "Peyton Place." She got the part, was given a contract and was hailed by studio brass as "the freshest, most exciting new talent we've ever seen."

She won an Academy nomination and overnight became movietown's most intriguing and baffling new personality. She was, as someone called her, "a fawn on a hot tin roof" who hid herself from everyone, put up a high wall around her life, was tagged "the girl who is at war with herself." And all Diane could say, when people asked her why she was such a hermit, was,

"I'm searching for simplicity. The simpler I keep my life, the happier I'll be."

She was then a few months short of 20.

There are those who hold that Diane Varsi is still afraid, still fearful that if she grows to love anything deeply, it will be taken away from her, as her toys were when she was a child. I do not think this is so. I cannot take seriously, either, the report that had her saying recently, when she was assigned a role in a TV film, "The girl I play has a death wish, and that's why I want the part." This isn't the Diane her friends know—the girl who is respected and admired. Nor is it true that she was disgruntled because she did not get the full star treatment at 20th until she won her Oscar nomination for

"Peyton Place." These are interesting surmises, but they do not sound like the real Diane Varsi.

Diane did recently refuse a loanout to Warner Bros. for a role in "The Young Philadelphian," opposite Paul Newman, and was then placed on suspension. Her reasons were sound to her; she felt the role was not suitable. The suspension was lifted when she did "The Dingaling Girl" on TV for "Playhouse 90"—a part that, curiously enough, virtually foreshadowed her departure from Hollywood. In the TV show, Diane portrayed the talented mother of two youngsters, wife of a small cafe owner, who is catapulted into movie fame against her will. She reputedly received \$10,000 for the play, then, almost immediately, was put on "layoff" by her studio. This meant, according to the terms of her contract, that she was taken off salary for a period of 13 weeks.

Contract or no, the situation did not add to her comfort. She told her studio that she would see no one until she was being paid again, and refused even to come on the lot. It was not an unreasonable attitude; many stars I know follow this same policy when they are off salary. Certainly, according to Diane's statement later, she was even then contemplating leaving Hollywood. I do not believe it was a question of money, nor do I feel that she thought she was being treated unfairly. It seems to me that once again she had reached that point where she needed "to find the answer to why she was alive." As her one-time drama coach, Jeff Corey, said, "Diane is complicated, but she's a lot less complicated now than when I first met her. She's deeply talented and bright—but everything happened to her before she expected it to happen. It isn't the first time Hollywood has confused a girl."

ONCE, I remember, Diane told me, "Los Angeles is so big, it builds fear in you." That was the day when she was saying, "Simplicity is what I'm looking for. When I find it, I will find myself." There was something almost like anger in her voice when she said, over and over, "I don't want to be a star, and I don't want to be a glamour girl. I hate being on display. I don't have to do *anything*—acting or anything. I just want to work quietly, as well as I know how."

She got up from where she was sitting—we were in a studio executive's office—and walked over to the other side of the room, where the wall was covered with photographs of 20th contract players. "I have a great resistance to glamour," she said. "I don't see one girl here who looks any the better for lipstick and make-up."

Childish and unreasonable? Perhaps. But she believed it, believed it with all her heart. It was how she felt about herself, *then*. "Right now," she cried with passion, "I hate ticking clocks. Tomorrow I may *love* ticking clocks. I grow, I change, and I may be something altogether different six months from now.

Life isn't like nibbling at a box of chocolates. There are things one simply must do; it's the *doing* that counts. The result is not important."

And so, when I watched Diane climb aboard that plane for San Francisco and the East, little Shawn in her arms, I recalled all the things she had ever told me. I remembered her saying, "I'll never be really happy. I can be a very angry person at times, a violent person. I went into a bookstore the other day, and I saw a book there that infuriated me. It was one of those lurid, horrible things published to sensationalize and profit by juvenile delinquency. It made me ill with its injustice and unfairness. I wanted to tear and rip that book to pieces."

That fury, that hatred of anything dishonest, may have been part of what triggered Diane Varsi, at 21, into forsaking pictures forever. "Movies should be honest," she once said. "Sometimes you see nothing but compromise, compromise. And there is so much insecurity here. It really baffles me."

RIGHT or wrong, Diane had to make her decision her way. Hers was the choice, and hers will be the consequences. She may stumble badly, or face disillusionment, even in peaceful Vermont. There is forever and forever a storm inside Diane, though she looks outwardly calm enough. Once having thought her problem through, she had to leave Hollywood, no matter what it cost her. Bennington—or some other small town—may help her think straight, get acquainted with herself, give her the solitude and the understanding she has long sought.

According to Harold Griffin, village president of Bennington, the townspeople there were excited and thrilled "at having a real movie actress settle in our town." "I have no doubt she can find work here," said Mr. Griffin. "She can also find peace in our community. We have plenty of that. There are a great many people who come here to Bennington to live in peace and quiet."

But just how long Diane will remain a recluse is still another story. Her studio has given her a formal and indefinite leave of absence. "We want her to come back; we hope she comes back," said a studio official. "After all, her contract still has almost five years to run."

Like a number of her friends, I believe Diane will return eventually. Poet Edwin Arlington Robinson once said, "When a woman is left too much alone, sooner or later she begins to think, and no man knows what then she may discover." In Diane's case, she will probably discover herself—the Diane Varsi who needn't ever again feel poor, or brave, or even afraid. When that storm inside her is gone, she can say once more, as she said in her troubled teens,

"I am God's child, and He will not hurt me. I don't have to run away. I haven't done anything. *I don't ever have to run again!*"

END

Alone And Lonesome

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though I know that the most important thing to a woman is her man. And when work or a war or anything thrusts a wife and husband apart, it's not easy. But then, there's nothing about life that is entirely simplified. Steve's affinity with the Orient is an obstacle but a marriage is something that you have to keep working for—and working out, no matter what the problem."

Shirley, for all her youthful 25 years, is a woman of living and loving and deep understanding. "I know," she says, "that there are wives who just simply couldn't be apart from their husbands. It just so happens that I love to spend a great deal of my time alone. I never try to dress or act the part of a movie star; I conform only when it's fun. I don't think hats are fun so I don't own one. And I hate to give parties. I only do it because I have to . . . and then I can't wait until everyone goes home. So, I guess I'm cut out for the solitary life. I listen a lot to music and I read like crazy. When I discovered I didn't know too much except for baseball (I was a whiz on the otherwise all-male junior high team) and dancing, I began to devour the encyclopedia from cover to cover. I'm up to 'Y' now," Shirley declared proudly. The reading is generally done in front of the fireplace, and it's always in action, even if Shirley has to open all the windows and doors. When Steve's home, he reads to her, for Shirley's generally bespectacled blue eyes are weak.

READING is fine but the talented actress' greatest joy is a startling and gifted miniature of herself, baby Stephanie, or Sachie, as she is called. At 2½-years-old, red-haired Sachie is a small-sized scene stealer who merrily mimics mama's every impish expression or gesture. When that happens Shirley's eyes light up like a neon sign. "Little Sachie," says her big double, Shirley, "is a real ham." In their daily play Sachie learns by imitating and Shirley admits she is always learning to act by imitating, too. And no matter how busy Shirley is (her Paramount co-workers call her Chain-Gang Shirley), this devoted mother manages to play with her daughter every day. Sachie goes to nursery school and is on a 9 to 9 schedule so Shirley can be with her after the day's work.

"Sachie is a born mimic," declares mama Shirley, "and I'd be happy to have her become an actress. But not yet." Since the amazingly gifted tyke appeared with her mugging mother on a national magazine cover, Shirley has received 1,500 letters and Sachie has received two TV offers. "When I put the phone down," Shirley giggles, "I gloated over the offers for ten full minutes. I think I was more thrilled than over getting my own Oscar nomination. As you can see, Sachie and I are very good friends and see eye to

eye on most things. But she really has got to stop beating up all the little boys she meets." And after the unpleasantness of having her tummy pumped out when she ate some pills she found on Shirley's night table, Sachie won't try that again. But she still tears up her dolls and feeds them and her lunch to her Boxer, Caesar.

Sachie, Caesar and Shirley all like the imposing Japanese-modern glass and stucco house they've recently acquired in the elegant Royal Oaks section of the San Fernando Valley, even if they have no swimming pool like all the neighbors. Shirley, an inveterate furniture-mover-around, is busy finding space for the Oriental treasures Steve sends. "I'm very domestic," she explains, "though I can dance better than I can cook. This is the first home we've owned, and I picked it because it's in a neighborhood with lots of kids. I love children and I intend to have four of my own." Shirley looked through the wall of glass into the beautiful Japanese garden with the two-ton antique stone lantern Steve had shipped home, and she said simply: "Children are the hope of the world."

Though she loves the new house, she'd still prefer living in Japan. She's been there twice and can't wait to return. "The Oriental way of life is appealing because it's so simple. The people take time out to enjoy little things, get down to basics. You won't find many ulcers in Japan." And she gets mad when people raise their eyes at the Oriental custom of eating raw fish. "What do you call herring or lox on bagel or that fancy sturgeon?" she asks them, pointing out that her market on the Boulevard sells pickled octopus.

Shirley's own eating habits are strictly nonconformist, too. Like many people who live alone she forgets to eat and sees nothing odd in broiling herself a steak for dinner at 2 a.m. If she's very hungry and eats a big dinner, she'll run around the block until she feels better. And when she works intensively for three or four days on dancing routines for a big TV show, she'll live on hot fudge sundaes, explaining, "They give me the energy that I need."

NOR can she go to sleep like other people. Exercise has become a way of life after all these years of dancing. So she goes through a violent routine every morning and night. She's also a tremendously hard worker who thrives on a nightmare of split-second engagements. But recently while making "Ask Any Girl," rehearsing for a big TV show, and getting ready to go into her latest picture, "Career," Shirley was beat to the knees. Her doctor put her in a hospital but she stayed only one day. Sometimes the Liveliest Art can be the Deadliest.

But Shirley, who believes one must live life to capacity, takes her "hot property"



SHIRLEY admits that being apart from Steve isn't easy but insists "nothing about life is."

status coolly. "I die when I'm not busy," she says. "Work is my recreation; I have no hobbies though I can play violin, piano, flute, trombone and I'm a whip on the castanets. ("So I make a little noise.")

Just what kind of person is Shirley MacLaine? Pixie, little girl, lost gamin? Madcap or sprite? None of these tags conveys the many-sided individualist whose behavior often confuses Hollywood. Though she doesn't drink, one moment she is the life of the party—brash, frank, uninhibited, always "on stage"; the next, she is silent and withdrawn. "I'm a self-intoxicator," she has said. "I don't need a drink to be the drunkest at a party. But I run down. When I'm quiet I'm recharging my batteries."

She's also a born worrier, says a co-worker. "Shirley gives the impression of being in a constant state of thinking about something else. She's never sure just where she is or why she's there, and she worries about where she's supposed to be next. She does it all so charmingly, being possessed of the kind of little girl appeal rarely associated with professional dancers. It's the same kind of appeal Marilyn Monroe has and Shirley displayed it to marvelous advantage in 'Some Came Running.' You want to take her on your lap and assure her that everything will be all right.

"Shirley says she's so thrifty she will snap up any bargain. She once told me she started the 'sack' look in Hollywood because she bought a dress at half-price, reduced because the belt was missing. Yet she once forfeited more than a thousand dollars in rent by moving out on a lease, saying the place depressed her. That was a couple of years ago when she wasn't making the money she is now.

"Clothes mean nothing to her. She'll appear late and breathless for a luncheon date wearing a rumpled cotton blouse, unpressed slacks and a sweater designed for

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The Conquest Of Hollywood

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would have—and have—discouraged lesser dreamers, and he finally ended up in the promised land of stardom as one of the personable male triumvirate headlined in “77 Sunset Strip”—the other two dreamboats being Efrem Zimbalist, Jr., and Roger Smith.

The first thing Byrnes learned, once he made up his mind to be a movie star, was to rise above the skepticism of his peers. Once he learned this, disappointments and rejections that stopped others dead in their tracks bounced off him like bullets pop off Superman's sweater. And nowhere did he encounter more skepticism than in his own home.

“My family was not too happy about the idea,” he says. “My mother wanted me to go to college to become a doctor. I guess because my father's father was a doctor. The idea of my acting seemed crazy to them. They had never known anyone who'd been an actor. They thought it was impossible, ridiculous, that I was reaching for the moon.”

His mother may not have shared his boyish optimism, but she unwittingly furnished him with the credo that was to keep firing his courage when the going got roughest. Upon Edd's graduation from Haaren High, his mother inscribed in his year book the following:

“Don't wait for your ship to come in. Row out and meet it.”

Edd chose the brave words over the maternal misgivings. And before long his ambition was being taken more seriously.

“Eventually,” he recalls, “after I got a few bit parts on TV, and the neighbors came in and made a fuss about it, my family kind of enjoyed this, and began to think maybe I wasn't crazy after all.”

Even when he hired out as an apprentice with the Litchfield Summer Theatre in Connecticut, his sights were set on Hollywood. Instead of waiting for his first acting break in Litchfield, he waited until he saved enough money to head for the land of minks and Thunderbirds.

“If that's what you really want, son,” his still uncertain mother bade him tearful farewell, “I wish you luck.”

Edd was impatient to go out and meet his ship. It didn't seem practical to attempt the voyage in a rowboat, so he set forth in his vintage Oldsmobile convertible. He was in such haste that he made the trans-continental trip in four days.

“My wardrobe consisted of a couple of sports jackets and a suit or two,” he recounts with a grin. “To keep expenses down, I slept and ate in the car. I'd buy a quart of milk, some cold cuts and a loaf of bread, and make sandwiches in the car. I'd pick up a hitchhiker once in a while so I wouldn't get too lonely.”

There was no one waiting for Edd with open arms when he sputtered into Hollywood. He had no letters of recommendation, no telephone numbers, no addresses,

just \$100 and an inexhaustible supply of youthful audacity.

“Every actor has it rough on the way up.” He is unperturbed about it. “I often thought how nice it must be when an actor doesn't have to struggle, but it probably makes him a much better actor in the end.”

To be sure, Edd found no shortage of struggles. Agents kept dropping him as if he were contaminated. He ran out of strategy. He ran out of money. He ran out of gas. In fact, he ran out of everything but hope—and DDT.

I SHARED a \$50 a month apartment with Jim Brady, a New York actor I met out here.” He suffers no pain when he describes those lean but dauntless days. “We shared expenses, did our cooking at home, and we'd crash a lot of parties and free load. I remember crashing Zsa Zsa Gabor's party for Porfirio Rubirosa at her home in Bel Air. Everyone there was dressed in tuxedos, we came in blue suits and ties. Zsa Zsa spotted us and asked who'd invited us.”

Edd's charming audacity won again.

“No one really,” he smiled with disarming candor. “We crashed.”

“How sweet!” Zsa Zsa chirped. “Well, come on dollinks, I'll introduce you to ze other guests.”

Byrnes remembers the incident fondly.

“She was very sweet,” he says warmly. “We had a terrific time.”

He had a less terrific time trying to crash the studios. He sweet-talked a succession of agents into handling him, but he couldn't sweet-talk them out of dropping him. Even to get them to represent him in the first place he had to call on the very same resourcefulness that he had

displayed in order to meet Kirk Douglas.

“I wrote a lot of phony credits on the back of my pictures,” he confesses with a Huckleberry Finn twinkle. “I put down that I'd acted in New York on ‘Studio One,’ ‘The Robert Montgomery Theatre,’ and I told 'em I was in a number of Broadway shows.”

But one agent after another gave him up as a hopeless case, and tried to make him realize he was spending himself on an impossible quest.

“They told me I wasn't contract material,” he recalls the rebuffs with no discernible gloating. “that things were rough, that there were thousands of guys like me in town, and that the smartest thing I could do was to forget I ever wanted to act.”

Discouraged Byrnes was, but defeated he was not.

“You'll be sorry,” was his cheerful rejoinder. “You just wait. You're making a great mistake.”

He had worked his charm on a number of other agents, and for every hundred steps backward he'd manage to take a step forward. He'd come up with a small part in a TV film or a bit in a movie this way—his first was as Tony Perkins' buddy in “Fear Strikes Out”—but these parts were too occasional, and his agents kept shopping for more promising meal tickets. Byrnes, meanwhile, was as undaunted as he was unwanted.

“I figured,” he says blandly, “they didn't know me and what I could do, so why should I take their word. This only made me madder and more determined.”

His \$100 lasted him a month. But on the theory that he wanted to be home to answer the door when opportunity knocked, he did not consider taking non-acting jobs.

“I was most discouraged when I didn't have any money,” he ponders his unre-

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IN NO hurry to marry, Edd feels he has a long way to go before he gives up bachelorhood.

THE CONQUEST OF HOLLYWOOD

continued

mitting uphill stage. "I used to go around to gas stations after they closed. I'd go from one gas station to another, pouring what little gas was left in the hose, maybe a quarter of a pint, into my own tank so I'd have enough gas to visit the studios the next day."

His fantastic reserves of DDT, plus his pleasant acceptance of adversity, kept him afloat on Hollywood's choppy seas for a year. He existed on threadbare rations of bits on TV shows, including one memorable performance on Lux.

"I was in it," he recalls, "with another guy no one had heard of—Guy Williams, who's now the star of 'Zorro.' He had a much fatter part than I. He had two lines. I had one."

EDD's crucial break came when his agent sent him to Warner Bros. to read for a part in one of the "Cheyenne" films with Clint Walker.

"Art Silver, the producer, said he knew I could do the part I came to try out for, but that there was a better one coming up the next week," Byrnes smiles. "I thought I was getting the brush-off, but I read the part anyway for William Orr, who heads the Warner TV setup, and for the director, and I got it."

Unwittingly, Edd's big opportunity raised the already familiar and venerated image of Jimmy Cagney, the boy who had roamed the same Manhattan streets as he a generation before.

"I played the part of a killer," Byrnes explains. "It was a Western remake of 'Angels With Dirty Faces.' I did the part that James Cagney played in the movie. He went to the electric chair. I went to the gallows."

It was just the chance, to pounce on the obvious pun, that Byrnes had been dying for. His performance won him a term contract and another juicy killer part in "Girl On The Run," the pilot film of the then projected "77 Sunset Strip" series. Byrnes scored so well that he was written in as one of the regular stars. Meantime, he saw service in three Warner Bros. feature pictures—as Natalie Wood's adolescent boy friend in "Marjorie Morningstar," as one of the intrepid gladiators in "Darby's Rangers," and as the pharmacist's mate in the submarine suspenser, "Up Periscope."

Edd Byrnes no longer has any trouble getting up the rent. He now shares with another buddy a more opulent two-story home in the Hollywood Hills, and he no longer has an agent problem. He is handled by William Morris, second only to MCA in the Hollywood empire.

"After really meeting a movie star—Douglas was the first one I'd actually met—I was convinced that this was the life for me," Byrnes relates. But the bug had bitten him much earlier, and the virus proved recurrent.

"Cagney was part of it, I'm sure," he

affirms. "He lived on East 78th Street, the same street I did. He grew up between First and Second Avenues. I grew up between Second and Third Avenues. All of us kids were always talking about Cagney. He was kind of a neighborhood hero. And I used to read all the fan magazines. I knew how everyone got into pictures and how they grew up. I used to see two or three movies a day in the summer when there was no school."

Since Edd's allowance wasn't extravagant, he worked on an ice truck during the summer to earn extra money—not only for his family, which needed it, but so that he could pay movie admission.

"I'd walk up five flights of stairs delivering ice," he thinks back with wry amusement. "The sweat would be pouring down me, and people would tell me how lucky I was to have such a nice cool job on an ice truck in the summer."

Even now it is difficult for Edd to pinpoint just when the decision to become an actor finally jelled—when he was a kid movie fan, when he participated in the annual musical staged by the New York Turn Verein where he worked out as a tumbler and gymnast, or as a result of his first disappointment in love.

"I guess I first became seriously interested in acting when the Turn Verein put on those plays," he says. "I remember in the finale I was supposed to take part in the re-enactment of the Iwo Jima flag raising. We all had Marine uniforms on, and I decided to be realistic. I got the other guys to come with me, and we ran dirt over our uniforms and spread burnt cork over our faces. We were a mess. The director came in, and he was fit to be tied. He made us all take a shower and shake the dust off our uniforms. He wanted us to go out there very clean and put up the flag."

IF the Turn Verein provided Edd with a frustrating introduction to acting, it also provided him with an equally frustrating introduction to love, and thereby further provided him with an unexpected impetus to pursue an acting career. The girl in question attended the Turn Verein because, being a ballet dancer, she too was interested in gymnastics.

"I had dated before, but never steady," Edd still speaks wistfully of the romance. "She was very lovely. I'd seen her around, but I never had the nerve to ask her out. But every Sunday afternoon the boys and girls would have joint classes, and one Sunday her brother, who was a friend of mine, introduced me. It was love at first sight."

It was almost a year before a nasty old serpent crawled into their Eden.

"We were a hot item for nine months," Edd grins sheepishly. "Then we had a lovers' quarrel. That was five years ago, but I've gotten over it. It took me about a year. I was very depressed in the beginning. But I gradually began being myself again, and going out more. A year later she was having a romance with an-

other guy and broke up with him, and called me and wanted to get back together again. But it was too late. I'd gotten completely over it. I'd decided to become an actor."

Edd says it like Charles Boyer renouncing Hedy Lamarr to join the Foreign Legion.

Cured though he is of that early amour, Byrnes, now an ancient and confirmed bachelor of 25, still cherishes the memory of it.

"That was my first and last love," he acknowledges. "I haven't had any love affair since. That was puppy love, a teenage romance. But what's that saying?"

He finds the saying nicely without any prompting at all:

"You get over your first love, but you never forget your first love!"

There is no indication of who said it first, but Edd Byrnes gives it a good reading. He says it with feeling.

If he is not marriage-minded today, it is not because his first love spoiled him for all others, but because he has a long way to go before he loses his taste for the joys of bachelorhood. Whatever his marital disinclination, there is very little doubt that he generates a heavy sex-appeal fallout—on and off the parlor picture box.

IN his associations with girls, as in his approach to life, Byrnes is fun-loving and laughing-eyed, and boyish and soft-spoken for all his assurance. They find him audacious but not overbearing, brash but not a boor. Perhaps one reason for his sex-appeal is that he is daring enough to expect his girls to be feminine rather than competitive. He spells out this all but extinct attitude when he explains why he's in no hurry to get married.

"First of all," he points out with a sigh of relief, "I haven't met the right girl. Second, I'm not financially set yet. I still have a responsibility to my family. And fourth, I've never been tempted. I have to get more advanced in my career, and I have to have a lot more fun before I think of getting married. Maybe I'll be ready when I'm 30."

It would seem clear that any girl interested in currying favor—let alone matrimony—with Edd must be willing to pamper him.

"I like a girl that likes to smile," he smiles, meeting her on his own hypothetical terms. "She'd have to have a great sense of humor and understand my work. She'd have to share my interest in health foods, too. I'm such a bug on it. It's no fun to eat health foods alone. She'd have to sleep late. If she'd get out of bed in the morning and squeeze me my orange juice, that would be the end. If she's a good back rubber that would be in her favor, too. I love to have my back rubbed. Lower, honey, lower. She must have good manners. She would have to know how to entertain and be a good hostess if I threw a party."

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"What I've Never Told Before"

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him as a gesture of something or other.

"I guess it's just part of my whole way of life," is his typical reaction. "So far I've been very fortunate and never had to ask a favor of anyone and feel indebted, as a result. The whole truth is, if I can possibly swing it, I'll pay cash for everything I buy, or build. The things I live with I want to own and it's as simple as that. I think we'll remain in the valley, it's closer to the studio in the heavy traffic and a great place for kids to find space for stretching their legs."

As the time for owning their own home becomes closer to reality, the Garners get a terrific kick out of discussing their pet project. They've drawn up tentative floor plans during quiet evenings when the children (little Greta celebrated her first birthday last January) are asleep. During spare moments, Lois thumbs through magazines depicting the domestic scene and clips illustrations she thinks Jim will like. His inimitable contributions are best described in his own words.

"I want to live the way I used to think all movie stars live. You know—bedrooms with gold door knobs, hot and cold running butlers, guest houses, tennis courts, sunken pools, projection rooms, stables—and wall-to-wall money!"

It's that last phrase that betrays Jim's irresistible urge to kid things that have a basis of truth. His quick smile un masks his deadpan humor while he proceeds to qualify himself.

"Confidentially, I never was a fan, although I always enjoyed going to the movies and reading the movie magazines. Some of those stories about Hollywood stars dining off mink table cloths and filling their swimming pools with pink champagne were real gassers. I suppose some of them did come close to the truth, but when you read about great moneymakers of yesterday being broke, it makes you stop and think. No, I'd never want to put myself in such a spot.

LOIS and I hope to get to the place where we won't want for anything—anything within reason, I mean. But luxuries aren't necessary, unless having a yard where I can practice golf is a luxury. I just want a place where I can play with the kids, a pool to jump in, which is healthy for them and that's about it. Somehow I can't imagine paying half a million dollars for a home and mortgaging one's soul to it. Maybe I'm crazy, but a clear conscience and a good night's sleep appeal to me much more.

"People do it, but I can't imagine paying out a fabulous sum for a decorator to come in and take over. After paying through the nose to get everything perfect—it turns out 'perfect' for everyone except those who have to live with it. Lois and I did discuss this for a fast five minutes and that settled the subject. She has ex-

cellent taste and, knowing me as she does, I'll leave it up to her to exercise her own judgment. This way I know our home will be livable and right for us.

"When you stop and think that I'm away working most of the time, Lois and the children are actually the ones who will enjoy the greatest benefits from the house. Therefore, it's very important that they are happy in their surroundings and as long as the place is clean and neat, that's good enough for me. That's all I want and it wouldn't bother me if Lois decided to decorate in Early Livery Stable! You know, I've lived in some pretty crummy places during my travels, so I'm not hard to please."

Loving kids the way he always has, it follows that Jim Garner exerts great parental care and concern in raising his daughters. He wants them to grow up being nice, normal and natural, and he discourages the slightest indication that there are special privileges in having a famous father.

"Of course, Greta is too young to know I'm an actor," laughs Jim, "but Kimberly has been exposed to it and about every three months she announces she wants to become another Judy Garland. To get the best results, I play it straight. When my alarm goes off at 6 a.m. I awaken Kimberly and bring her to the set. She has to sit there very quietly and watch. At first, she's all eyes and very thrilled. By eleven she's had it and can't wait to go to lunch.

"After lunch, when she's been revitalized, Kimberly's enthusiasm returns again and then comes more sitting and more watching. By four, a very tired and bored little girl is ready to go home, but we seldom get there before seven. By this time the glamour is gone. She sees me when I come home at the end of each day and how beat I am. I kick off my shoes and she hangs up my clothes and this is like a ritual. As time goes by, she cares less about becoming an actress!"

Maybe Kimberly will never see her name in lights, but she should have an Oscar for her performance with the sand pile set. Jim gets a big boot out of it and in that warm, understanding way of his, he lets her get away with it.

"Kimberly's at that age where she is impressed with everything I do," he nods knowingly, "but she covers up by pretending to be blase and couldn't care less. One morning recently, she casually told me about some boy in the neighborhood who was getting in her hair. He kept pestering her for my autograph and she acted as if the whole thing was way beneath her. Of course, she was secretly pleased and finally when I sort of suggested that she give the kid the autograph to get him off her neck, there was a big sigh of satisfaction!"

After a long, tiring day at the studio, Jim rarely watches television and he's



SUNDAY morning Jim plays golf, loafs the rest of the day. Monday he's *Maverick* again.

only seen about half of his own shows. But like the man says—"After all, I DO know the plot!" However, Lois, Kimberly and her little friends are great "*Maverick*" fans and after Sunday night viewing, there are lively discussions in the Garner living room. Lois has a quick mind and insists that people in real life wouldn't behave the way they did in a certain scene. Jim allows as how they would and they go 'round and 'round in friendly fashion. Sometimes he wins and sometimes he loses, but the kids lay it right on the line.

"They tell me what they like and don't like," laughs Jim, "and they're very definite about it. Usually, they don't know *why* they have certain reactions, but I still listen to those kids because they are great critics. They're unbiased in their opinions and you'd be surprised how much I've learned from them about my work."

Although Jim's away many weekends doing benefits and making personal appearances, when he's in town, Saturday is his big day at home.

"It's everyone's turn to wait on me," he beams, "and I take it big! If there's a ball game I watch it on TV, unless it interferes with playing with the baby. Kimberly usually goes off to a movie in the afternoon, Lois goes shopping and I work terribly hard at loafing. To give Lois time off from cooking, sometimes we jump in the car and go to some nearby place for an early dinner. On Sunday morning I play golf or tennis. When Kimberly follows me around the course, we take along hot dogs and Cokes and have a picnic lunch. Then I get caught up on my loafing for the rest of the day and get up bright and early on Monday morning for another week's work.

"There aren't many odd jobs for a man

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My Brother, Frankie Avalon

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been one of our real big treats. Mother would pack a lunch and we would stay all day. Times when we were particularly flush, we'd see a show at the Steel Pier. To us, that was the most glamorous ever, so naturally that's where Frankie decided he wanted to work during the summer that he was 11.

He got the job, but unfortunately, there was no money attached. Our Aunt Angie—Mrs. Leo DiSteffano—came to the rescue by inviting Frankie to stay at her house. Our grandmother, Rose Avallone, went along. She said it was to keep an eye on Frankie. Since he's the apple of her eye, I think it was to have all that time with her much beloved grandson.

They billed him as "The Boy Wizard With A Horn," and played five shows a day. Frankie, simultaneously, also wanted to be the boy wizard on the diving board. He'd be out of wind when he returned to the platform. My father fussed at him, saying, "Frankie, you can't do both." Frankie went right on winning swimming contests and playing trumpet.

BACK home that fall, he made the rounds of radio and television shows. Paul Whiteman's "Teen Club" was then on the air from Philadelphia. We both tried out for it. I sang just well enough to get into the big chorus, but Frankie quickly became a big prize-winning star. We're still using the refrigerator and record player he brought home from that show.

Neither of us will ever forget the day that Mr. and Mrs. Whiteman invited the crowd of kids to their home at Rosemount, New Jersey. We had never before seen a big estate with a swimming pool. Frankie spoke of that pool again, just the other day. He was talking to Mother about the kind of house he wants. We now live in one of the new row houses near the Navy Yard. Mother said, "This is a nice house. Why don't you plan to settle down right here?"

Frankie looked out the back window at the small back yard. "There's no room for a swimming pool. I want one just like Paul Whiteman's."

Frankie was a busy young star during those years. He cut a record, "Trumpet Sorento," for RCA-Victor's "X" label. It then sold just enough copies to pay for the recording session. Now it is a collector's item. He played the Jackie Gleason show, the Garry Moore show and many others.

To keep a record of Frankie's performances, we got a disc recording machine, but I remember several times it was never put to use. My father got too excited to remember to turn it on. My mother was even worse. She'd be so nervous she actually couldn't see or hear. When friends came in or called up after a program, her first question always was, "How did he do?"

Frankie himself was so calm, so grown up, that it took a disappointment to make us realize he was still a very young boy. His prize for one show was supposed to be a year's supply of ice cream. He promised all his friends a share. Day after day, he ran in from school shouting, "Did the ice cream come yet?" When months passed, Frankie at last gave up. "A year's supply of ice cream!" he said indignantly. "They didn't send me so much as a Dixie cup."

Then, suddenly, it was all over. Frankie, at 13, had worked himself out of business. He had guest-starred on most of the big programs and he was still too young to play night clubs.

Then Frankie got his idea for a teenage night club. He said to Dad, "We'll serve soft drinks and sandwiches and have a big dance floor."

Dad said, "I think you've got something there," and called Uncle Marty.

Thinking back over it, I can wonder how an entire family could be willing to drop everything and venture out on a very risky enterprise focused on a 13-year-old. Actually, we never thought of it that way. Frankie wanted it and we all believed in Frankie. Bob Marcucci and Peter DeAngelis, who now head Chancellor Records, also joined in.

The story of those dry night clubs could be a book in itself. The first, The Frat, grew too small; the second, The Embassy, burned down one winter night when the over-heated chimney exploded. The third, the Starlight Ballroom, was opened when there were just too many dance halls in South Philadelphia and not enough dancers to go around.

But they were fun while they lasted. Mother and Dad ran the commissary; I was a waitress. Bob, Pete and my Uncle Marty worked on management and entertainment. Frankie headed the band and dreamed up skits. Many of the top recording artists made guests appearances to plug their new records.

We were all sorry when the end came, but it actually marked the beginning of one of the most pleasant periods in our family life.

Frankie still had a hand, but he had more free time than he had had in years. Often, we'd just stay home in the evenings and enjoy being together. We had a million family jokes—those little things that never seem humorous to an outsider—but we could laugh, steady, from the moment we sat down to dinner until it was time to go to bed. My brother thinks my father is the funniest man alive, and when Frankie starts clowning, my father thinks Frankie is pretty funny, too. Together, they keep my mother and me in stitches.

And tease? All kid brothers tease, but Frankie is an expert. When I had a big date, like a prom, Frankie was under-



WHEN Frankie isn't on tour he spends as much time as possible home with his family.

foot, mimicking the way I fixed my hair, doing imitations of the boy who had asked me. He also gave advice. My mother and I had discussed late hours. She trusted me and let me set my own getting home time. But not Frankie. He'd shout out, "Now be sure you're home by 12 o'clock." Honestly, I could have clobbered him.

Never in a million years could I get even with Frankie in teasing, but I had my innings when he went to his first prom. A neighborhood girl invited him. Frankie pretended to be oh, so cool, but he had to have a new suit, and I'm sure he combed his hair a hundred times before he left the house. On that night, I was the one who imitated Frankie.

Frankie was still in South Philadelphia High School when our old friends, Bob and Pete, started Chancellor Records. About their only capital was their ambition and their talent for writing and arranging music. Bob often did his worrying and hoping at our house. His one refrain was, "Now if we could only find a real teenage idol . . ."

Eager to help, Frankie turned volunteer talent scout. If a boy could croak three notes and had less than three left feet, Frankie insisted that Bob and Pete audition him. Again and again, they had to shake their heads and say, "That isn't the guy, Frankie."

FRANKIE was playing trumpet with Rocco And His Saints one night when Bob and Pete stopped in. When they finished a set, Frankie came down to talk to them. Both were excited.

Pete said, "Frankie, can you sing?" "Sure," said my brother. "Why?"

Bob said, "We've been searching so far, so hard that we couldn't see what was right in front of us. Frankie, you're our teenage idol."

Frankie cut his first record, "Cupid," the week that he graduated. It created more interest than anyone expected. They released his second, "Teacher's Pet," on his birthday, September 18, and Bob and Frankie took off on a disc jockey tour.

This was the first time that Frankie

had ever been away from home for an extended time. Suddenly, the house was quiet. Too quiet. Nothing seemed fun, anymore. It hit Dad worst. Every evening, he took out the whole stack of Frankie's show recordings and played them over and over. Today, they're so worn out it is hard to listen to them.

Happy as we are over Frankie's success, we still miss him when he's on tour. So we always celebrate whenever he returns to Philadelphia.

For me, the most momentous of these celebrations was Chancellor Records' anniversary party last year, for there I met a friend of Bob's, Thomas Belfiore.

Tommy, who had recently returned from Army duty in Korea, is the traditional tall, dark and handsome young man. His dancing first caught my attention. He had been a teacher at the Fred Astaire studio. His charm captivated me. We hadn't had very many dates before we began to make serious plans.

We thought we were keeping them real secret until a night when my mother suggested to Frankie, "Tommy doesn't have a picture of you. Wouldn't you like to give him one?"

Frankie autographed it with a flourish. "To my future brother-in-law."

I read it and shook. Tommy saw it, did a double take, said "thanks," and put it away. I breathed again.

But when I got Frankie alone, I let him have it. "What are you trying to do, scare Tommy away?" I demanded.

Frankie just grinned. "I don't think you have to worry."

Not long after that, Tommy and I told our folks, went to see our priest and set the date for May 8. Frankie was out on the road so we phoned him the news. His response was, "May I be best man?"

His next reaction was intensely practical. Frankie and Bob had found an ideal ballroom location near Scranton. He came to Tommy to say, "Will you manage it for me?"

The Frankie Avalon ballroom opened on Easter Sunday, and by the time you read this, Frankie will have played his big role as best man at our wedding.

When will Tommy be able to return the compliment? When will Frankie follow us down the aisle?

You never can tell. Because Frankie has

achieved so many ambitions in such a short time, it is difficult to realize that he won't be 19 until September.

Sometimes he seems so grown up. I remember the day that he received word that his friends, Buddy Holly, The Big Bopper and Ritchie Valens had been killed in that plane crash in Iowa. Frankie was home, beat-out tired. He had a cold and he needed to rest. But when Mr. Irving Feld phoned to ask him to headline the remaining dates of that tour, Frankie left at once. "It's the least I can do," he said. "Had I been the one to crash, they would have filled in for me."

Then there was the night that Connie Francis came to dinner. Over plates of my mother's delicious spaghetti, they laughed as they remembered how they went to their first movie premiere. Each had a record in the charts, but the crowd outside the theatre was made up of motion picture fans. When the announcer boomed into the mike, "Miss Connie Francis and Mr. Frankie Avalon," there was no applause. Connie said, "I was all set to take bows but no one had the slightest idea who we were. I could have cried, I was that disappointed."

That was only a year ago. Since then, Frankie has had the Number One tune in "Venus." Connie, too, has had a succession of hits. They both have network programs. Connie is the featured girl vocalist on the Jimmie Rodgers show on NBC-TV and Frankie just began his own Saturday night radio program on ABC.

In accomplishment, Frankie is adult, but when he's home, he can still be very much the teenager. He roughhouses with his collie, Dee Dee Dinah, until my mother yells at him, "Stop it before you smash everything in the place."

And when he calls a girl for a date, he's just a riot. Real confidential, he'll say, "Just because it's you, I'd like to sneak away from the fans tonight. Let's go to a drive-in and park away over in the corner where it's real dark . . ."

He's so smooth I'm tempted to say, "Little brother, who are you fooling? Are you sure it's because of the fans? I know the signs. One of these days, you're going to fall in love. And when you do, Little Brother, I hope she's just as good and true as you. For, my dear brother Frankie, you're the very best." **END**

"I used to like to shop for clothes," she said. "Now I like to shop for food and furniture. We haven't any rugs yet but I want white ones. And lots of pale blue in my own room."

"We have four bedrooms here and four baths and a wonderful pool. I can't wait to have all our relatives out from the East. We are going to have guests all the time as soon as we're settled."

"It is true," she went on, "that I don't have many girl friends. But I have one very good one in New York . . . she's a model . . . and she will be coming out to see me."

"How about you and John Saxon?" we inquired. "One of the columns reported that you two were 'an item'."

"That's not true, either," she said, rather crossly. "At least, it isn't true if 'an item' means what I think it does."

"In the first place, John wouldn't be interested in me romantically. He'd think I was much too young and I guess I am. But we are very good friends and he has been awfully nice to me . . . sort of like an older brother or a cousin."

"Anyhow, I don't feel romantic about any of the boys I know and I am sure they don't feel that way about me. I like boys to have fun with, sort of comfortable people, if you know what I mean."

"As I told you, I simply never had a chance to have young friends before and this is a wonderful experience for me."

"Is it true that you 'disapprove' of rock 'n' roll music?"

"Good gracious, no! Who would I be to 'disapprove' of anything like that? I even like it a little bit but I can't take too much of it at a time. It makes me nervous, somehow. Just as I like Ricky Nelson very much indeed . . . but I just can't like too much of his music. I can't help it!"

"But please," she pleaded, widening those lovely eyes, "don't let people think I am spoiled and bored and just an all 'round brat, as they might think from things that have been said about me."

"I am happy. And grateful. I have everything I want. Money, early success and the chance to work for a new career. I know I'm just plain lucky. I didn't deserve all this and I didn't have to work for it. I just happened to be in the right places at the right times. That doesn't happen to many people. But now I AM working and trying to deserve it all."

"That's why it hurts me when I read things about myself that make me think, 'If I read this and didn't know the girl, I'd hate her!'"

"Will you try to put it right?"

Well, we don't think it is all as bad as Sandra imagines. No one who knows her at all could possibly "hate" her. She is too sweet and too genuine. But she is also too young to be able to take unwarranted criticism and misunderstanding in professional stride. No wonder it hurts!

We sincerely hope that we have comforted Sandra somewhat and put the record a little straighter. **END**

"Why Do They Lie About Me?"

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can have 'pillow talk parties' . . . you know . . . everyone brings his or her own pillow to sit on. We'll have music and games and I can cook. I love to cook.

"Right now we have some dishes and a couple of little chairs and some TV tables. And kitchen things."

"Mom had a big laugh at me when she sent me to buy some sheets and pillow cases and I came home with a gold

coffee pot, an electric one. But it was SO pretty . . . Mom had to go out and buy the bed things we needed.

"I cook every night at home. I get all the magazines with recipes in them and try out everything. Then I cook for our parties . . . after trying out the recipes on us."

She skittered onto another subject, as is her way.

Two-Fisted Rebel

continued from page 48

first move was to get himself into a fight.

He had two cousins who had the largest pet shop in Southern California, but next to them was a nursery—and two Japanese kids. Immediately, they decided they didn't like Stuart and he finally had to take them on. Up to then, his cousins had paid little attention to him, but when he beat up his challengers they accepted him. So for a while he felt he really belonged here.

As time went on Stuart got in with bad crowds. The fights became even more frequent. He enrolled in Venice High School—and this was when he probably hit his lowest mark. He was part of a gang of rebels—without a cause—who were aching for trouble. One night they found it.

"We'd been waiting for a gang from St. Monica's school—there were about 13 in their crowd. This evening they trapped us on the Venice Pier and when the fight was over they left us in a heap. I had two ribs broken, some guys had noses busted, and it was pretty gory. Not like the violent fights I'd had or seen on the East Side in New York but it was bad enough.

"I can still remember how mad I was that I'd been beaten. As a rule I won my fights."

Stuart's reputation as a trouble-maker became known to all the schools. Parents of other kids were even advised to keep their children away from him. So he continued to live on the outside and alone. He went to no one with his problems. He fought them out by himself.

"I can remember, though, thinking so many times, 'I'll never grow up to be a man, I'll always be a child,'" Stuart said. "I thought a child's life was for always and I wanted to grow up and get off on my own. To be on my own meant simply to stop moving, to settle down some place.

"By the time I went to Hollywood High School I was really a rebel. Nothing mattered to me. I was ripe for real trouble. And the only thing that saved me was discovering an outlet for my energy in football. Soon, and luckily, I dropped the gang and spent practically all my time in sports.

"Not that my fighting stopped. It didn't. I never got through a complete game because I was always being thrown out for fighting some guy on the other team. But here at least I found real competition, something with a purpose.

"When I went to Junior College later I continued to play football and baseball and I was working for a football scholarship at UCLA but a knee injury ended my playing days."

Stuart made the biggest move in his life when he enlisted, along with five other buddies, in the Army, determined, as he said, "to get it over with."

His attitude was anything but ideal. He disliked the discipline, the orders, the officers, anything and everything. And he managed to get into a fight the first day he was at camp.

He took on a buddy who had come to the camp with him and was, naturally, immediately disciplined. Then he got into a fight while he was standing in line waiting for his clothes to be issued. It began as a gag, but before long he and his pals took on the quartermaster's office, ripped down the plyboard wall in the place, and had a merry time.

"The Army took care of us fast after that," Stuart said. "For the next five days we had to walk around the camp nude. But that still didn't feaze me. One day, a kid in our platoon literally crawled into our barracks. Some other guys had beaten him up terribly. We finally located these mugs in a beer parlor and beat the tar out of them. The MP's arrived. We got a couple of days on bread and water for that episode.

After his basic training, Stuart met Joe Andere, a fight champ, who was in charge of the gym at camp. He volunteered to help Andere with the Thursday night fights. Andere recognized Stuart's ability with gym equipment and with the gloves and made him his assistant. From then on, Stuart fought up and down the coast—but this time in a ring and for a reason.

But then came the big step—the real turning point.

STUART was appointed physical director at a veterans' hospital. It was his responsibility to give exercises to the bed patients with special emphasis on the paraplegic cases.

"Here I faced reality for the first time," Stuart said quietly. "It was the blind patients, whose faces had been shot away, who taught me so much—patience, compassion for my fellow man, and the futility of slugging my way through life. Some of these guys had been there in the same bed for four years. They had gone through countless hours of agony as new faces were built for them, but they didn't complain. Right away I was interested in them and wanted to help them as much as I could. Fighting left my mind at once."

When Stuart left the Army he was a different person. He had learned to get in on the inside by means other than fists—and he knew then that his fists had only kept him on the outside. He decided to take up acting and, after a while, got a part in a little theatre play. It was then that he and his dad finally established a better relationship.

"It was seeing me in the play and realizing that I might have some talent, that I wasn't just a bum as he had thought, that made my dad feel differ-



REFORMED Stuart is teaching his kids not to fight their way through with their fists.

ently towards me," Stuart explained. "He was even further convinced that I had changed when I fell in love with and married Patty. She was a good girl and I guess he thought I'd wind up with a no-good.

"Frankly, I don't know how Patty and I ever got together, because I was the kind of guy who went around in a hot rod, who wore jeans and a T-shirt, while she came from a wealthy family and had been to a fine school. My manners weren't anything to write home about either. The only time I dressed up for a date with her was when I'd take her to a jam session.

"Most of our time was spent at the beach and we dated only in the summers for a couple of years until I decided I wanted to go on seeing her that fall. Just a few weeks later I asked her to marry me. She had become engaged but this was changed when we suddenly eloped. She has since said she planned the whole thing, and the reason she liked me was because we were so different."

After a rough first year spent in adjusting, Stuart and Patty settled down to build a happy marriage. That marriage has made a big difference in his life.

"My temper hardly ever flares up any more," he said. "And being married has helped me keep my feet on the ground. It has given me an incentive to get somewhere in life. It's good to be responsible for someone besides yourself."

When Stuart and Patty married, he was working with his father in the construction business, running a bulldozer. He was also getting a few parts in pictures. He hadn't realized how much he had grown as a person until, as the result of being seen in a play, he was signed by a studio. The first thing they wanted to do was change his first name to Kip.

"This burned me up and I got even madder when they started plucking my eyebrows and teaching me how to walk," Stuart said with a trace of disgust. "I insisted I wanted to keep my own name but they won out. I don't know how I managed not to lose my temper and

what prevented me from blowing the chance. Later, I was signed at Universal-International and they wanted to change both my names but by now I took my stand and said Stuart Whitman was it."

He came to the attention of 20th Century-Fox after being seen in "Johnny Trouble" and many TV shows. He is now one of their hottest properties.

Stuart is today teaching his youngsters—all four of them—Tony, 5, Mike, 4, Linda, 2, and Scott, 1—to take care of themselves but he never wants them to fight their way through with their fists.

"Unless you want to be a pug," he said solemnly, "fists aren't the answer. Believe me, I know."

Stuart has found his place, his roots. His past is a firm lesson to him. He's not proud of what he's done but he chose to grow up the hard and dangerous way.

Oh, he still fights. I remember once doing a small part in a "Have Gun, Will Travel" TV show in which Stuart was playing the lead. In it he had a hum-dinger of a set-to with Richard Boone. They made a complete mess of a barn. Later he said, beaming, "I love to do fights in pictures!"

But there was a big difference—he gets paid for fighting now. **END**

The Conquest Of Hollywood

continued from page 60

Edd would add one more requirement. "Above all," he smiles winningly, "she must love me, and I must love her."

Pending materialization of this dream girl, Edd has a high time playing the field. He has a wide and impressive circle of distaff pals, some not in the picture business, others very much in it—like Venetia Stevenson, Connie Stevens, Cathy Crosby, *et al.*

"I'm not shy anymore," he owns up, nevertheless unable to hold back a blush.

And the blush is a telltale clue to his appealing personality. Behind Edd Byrnes' pleasantly audacious facade lives a young man who is scrupulous to make honest evaluations of himself, and who is careful not to confuse hope with achievement, or to mistake opportunity as an excuse for mediocrity.

It has been a year since he signed with Warner Bros. His popularity multiplies with each succeeding episode of "77 Sunset Strip." Yet for all his deceptive veneer of self-assurance, Edd Byrnes betrays an innate modesty. He still hasn't had the nerve to look up Kirk Douglas and remind him of that fateful visit at the Sherry Netherlands Hotel.

"I'm not well-known enough yet," he modestly insists.

On that basis, this pleasant reunion would not seem too far off. Edd Byrnes seems nicely on his way to becoming well-known enough. **END**

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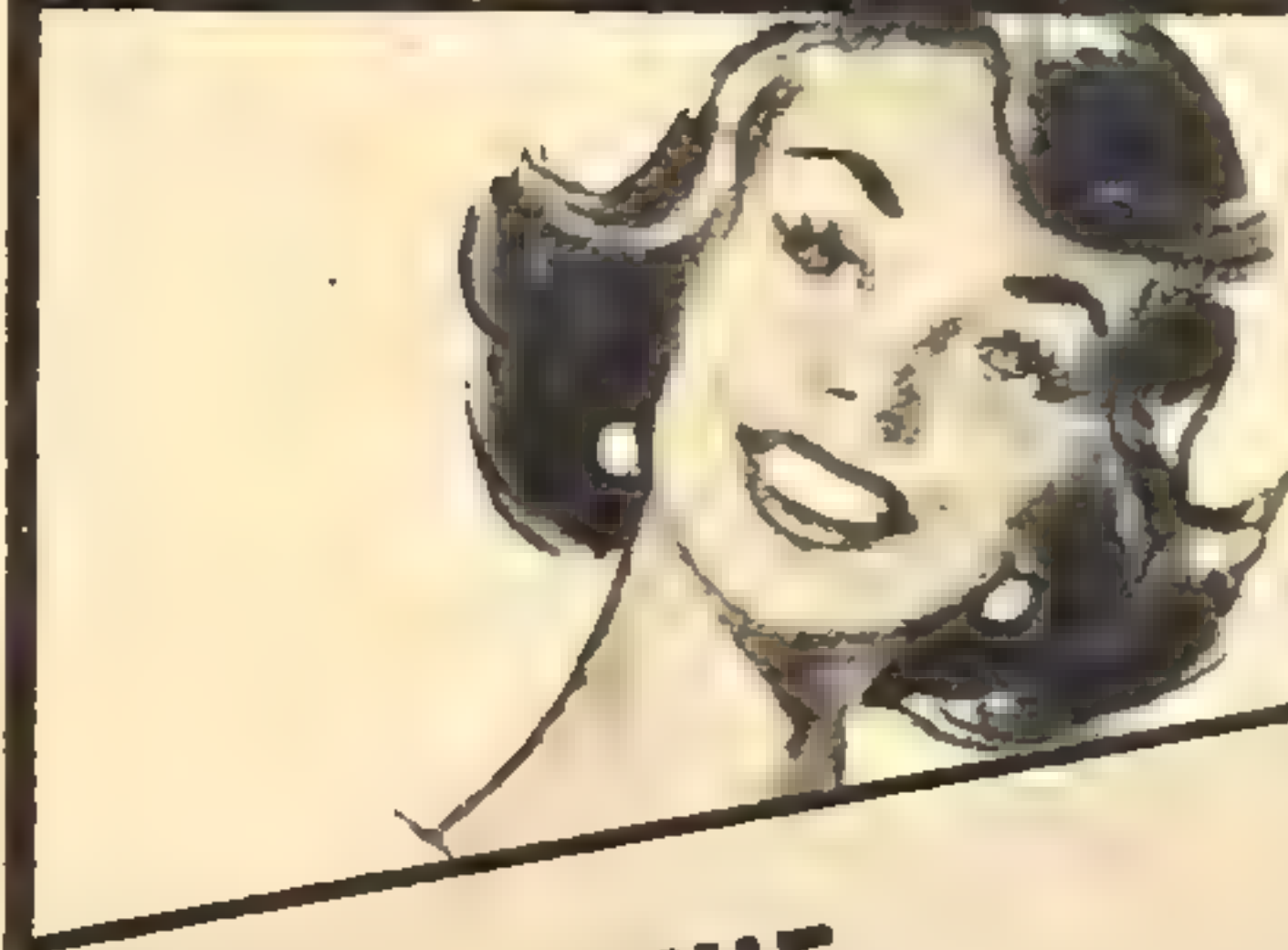
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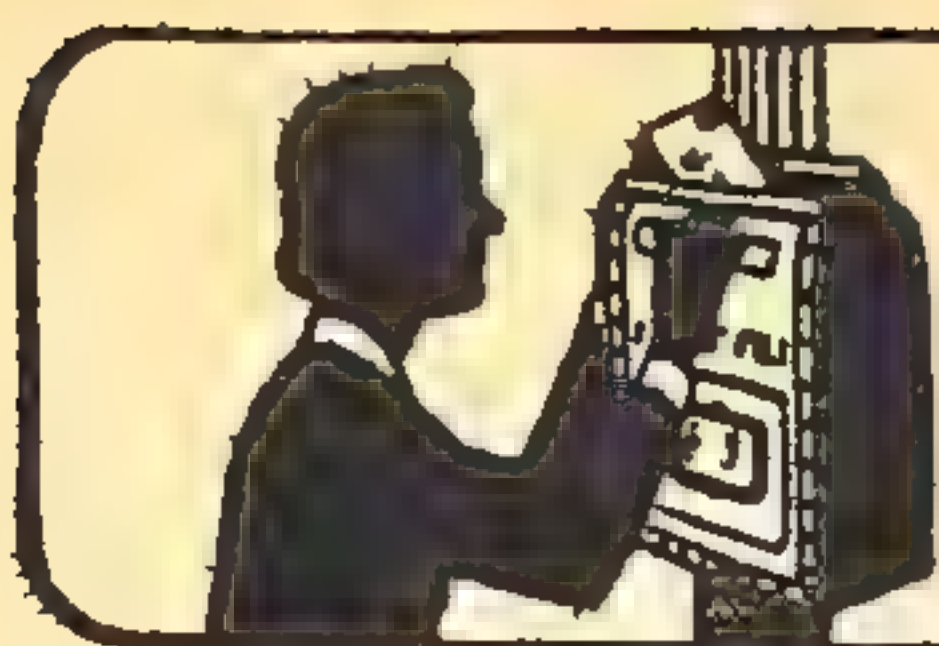


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Pat Boone's Advice To Teenagers

continued from page 13

are the two of you coming home?" But it would have been much better for everyone if we had talked things over and reached a family decision."

Another idea also haunts Pat. "We were so lucky. When I think of what could have happened if either of us had gotten sick . . . if I hadn't been able to work . . . We took such an awful risk . . ."

It was characteristic of Pat that he had nothing to say about how hard he tried to diminish that risk, how he worked a full time job at a radio station, went to college and continued to enter talent contests, striving for that big break which would turn him into a capable breadwinner for his family. It was no accident that the marriage turned out as well as it did. Both Pat and Shirley have worked to make it so.

How he feels about it today was reflected in his answer to another letter. A girl, with typical teenage dramatization of even a remote circumstance, wrote that she had fainted when some one told her that Pat and Shirley had filed for divorce. Pat dictated his answer to that one in a matter of minutes: "I was very distressed to hear about the rumor that my wonderful wife Shirley and I were 'breaking up.' If you know me, you will not believe such ridiculous rumors. I consider myself one of the luckiest men in the world to be married to the most wonderful girl in the world."

HE was sympathetic, however, when a 13-year-old girl confided, "I am faced with one of the worst problems of my life. My mother and father quarrel, not once in a while, but often, too often. They argue all the time about trivial things and I am sure this will end in a divorce. If this happens, it will ruin my brother's life and mine. What can I do? I am broken-hearted and have no one to turn to except, perhaps, you. Would you help me?"

Pat wrote: "I am deeply sorry and I wish I could help you, but a problem like this is difficult for an outsider to solve. We all have problems and I have always found that a good close friend or minister who knows you and your family can greatly help. I hope that with time and prayer your family may once again be filled with happiness and joy. We will be praying for you."

He had very concrete suggestions for a girl who wrote that she had been out of school for two years and was finding it difficult to work during the day and attend classes at night.

This was the Pat who well knew what it was like to go to school at odd hours. "It is difficult to get back to studying when you have been away from it for two years. It is also especially difficult to attend night schools when one is working during the day. Sometimes one's mind does not work as well in the evening as it does during the day. I'm sure you have a fine



PAT admits he and Shirley took an awful risk. "Eloping wasn't the right thing to do."

mind and with a little more effort you will find your study habits improving. There are also schools which give advice concerning note taking and studying problems. You might ask your teacher about this. I admire you for continuing in school. I'm sure you will do very well."

Hardest of all to answer are those letters from young people who want Pat to help them get a start in show business. Some do not want to understand that he is neither a coach nor a booking agent and that it is impossible for him to give them the direct assistance which so many of them request.

To them he must write: "I know how difficult it seems to get started in a career and wish there were some really concrete advice I could give you. The most important is, of course, just plain hard work. The experience which is so necessary to you might well be gotten if you do your best to sing for a lot of community affairs as I did. It's really valuable toward building that self-confidence you need."

Because of Pat's own appearances as a guest preacher for Church of Christ congregations and his often re-affirmed statements of faith in God, it is natural that many teenagers turn to him when they begin searching, intellectually and emotionally, for a guiding faith of their own. While he staunchly cites the reasons why the Church of Christ is *the* church for him, he believes that the choice of churches must be individual. To one boy he wrote:

"I have never been in a position where I would tell someone which way to turn toward the many religions. I have great respect for those who wholeheartedly believe their respective faiths."

His feeling toward those who believe they have a religious calling was best expressed in a letter which he wrote to a young English girl who was upset be-

cause her family didn't understand her desire to become a missionary. To her, Pat wrote:

"When the call of God is firmly written on your heart, nothing will ever erase it. For the present, then, my advice is to listen to the good counsel of your parents. You are still young now, but when you are older and if you still have the desire to be a missionary, I feel that some door will open by which your parents will fully understand what all this work actually means to you."

PAT believes in using what he calls a "road map" toward maturity which comes from the Bible. As a test of how far he had advanced toward that maturity, he recommends that teenagers make up a personal check list with the headings: Spiritual, Social, Mental, Physical, Work, and Financial. To set goals and reach them in all fields leads to happiness, he believes. He is also the first to say that he is far from having reached those which he has set for himself.

Others, however, do not always understand this, and because they do not, Pat has had to pay the price for being a youthful pundit. At the time his book was published, he gave an interview in which he casually mentioned some of his own imperfections. At the age of 14, he had been briefly involved in a flurry of shoplifting. His gang had thought it smart to snatch merchandise from stores. He also had to find out by experience whether he wanted to smoke and drink.

In the ensuing headlines, Pat discovered that for a human, a halo is never comfortable headgear. Too many persons lost sight of the fact that Pat had never made any pretensions of wearing a halo and that he had long ago rectified his early errors. Conscience-stricken within a brief time, he had worked to pay the merchants for the goods he had taken. Believing in physical fitness, he had also, within a brief time, decided that smoking and drinking were not for him.

Indignant because the incidents had been sensationalized and that some of his fans had been deeply hurt because of this, Pat issued a statement:

"One of the most important goals of my life has been, and is, to help young people in every way I can. In recent interviews I have voluntarily revealed the mistakes I made as a 14-year-old. I have not done this to condone or excuse these mistakes, but in the sincere hope that the knowledge of my past experiences would prevent the same kind of mistakes on the part of teenagers today.

"I have also hoped that young people could profit from the many fortunate, happy experiences and advantages that I had as a teenager and since. In my work with young people as a scout leader, Sunday School teacher and occasional preacher, I have always referred to my own mistakes to illustrate that we are all capable of good and bad and that the choice lies within oneself."

END



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Coming Attractions

continued from page 55

tions Finch makes. After a siege of ill health, during which Finch takes over, she's sent back to Belgium. Here, Audrey's real trial has yet to come. As the Nazis take over her country, she finds it difficult to abstain from helping the resistance fighters. When her father, Dean Jagger, is machine-gunned to death, hatred for the Nazis fills her heart. Because of this inability to subdue personal feelings, her life as a nun must come to an end. This is an unusual, but exceptional, Technicolor portrait of a young woman who chose a difficult life, but who had the courage to admit failure. (Warner Bros.)

The Wild And The Innocent

TRAPPER Audie Murphy descends on civilization with a mess of beaver skins, and little idea, indeed, of what lies in store for him. En route, he picks up waif Sandra Dee and honorably promises her no-account pa that he'll look after her. Let's face it, what trouble can a messy, grubby chit like Sandra get into? Hah! And again: Hah! Gilbert Roland is not as naive. As sheriff and dance-hall operator, he sets Sandra up as one of the girls. A co-worker, to use the term loosely, of Sandra's is Joanne Dru, the woman of the night who makes Audie see the light.

Unfortunately, this romance tows in dangerous waters and Roland's gunsight. Using the flip approach, and color, it doesn't make too much of an effort to be anything more than a fair-to-middling Western. (Universal-International.)

Shake Hands With The Devil

DURING the final days of Ireland's fight for independence from English rule, James Cagney, a surgeon, and one of the revolution's leaders, recruits American medical student Don Murray into the ranks. Murray's interest in the fight is not so much sympathy to the cause, as having personally suffered at the hands of a British officer. As the killings and reprisals career onward, Murray begins to see Cagney in a new light. Somewhere along the line, the patriot became the man obsessed by violence. Should the truce Michael Redgrave wants ever be brought about, Cagney would be an empty man without purpose or direction. Sensing this, Murray also realizes the extreme danger hostage Lady Dana Wynter is in. Her death can keep the flames burning brightly. A fascinating thriller with a splendid cast, including Glynis Johns, that seems right at home in the murky turbulence of the Irish Rebellion. (United Artists.)

Hollywood Lowdown

continued from page 8

the three Rossellini children by both the Paris and Rome courts. Roberto may love his offspring but his publicity from India during the time of their marriage certainly didn't make him a model father. And Ingrid has been a devoted mother to the three small children.

Glenn Ford's top rating at the box-office proves you don't have to have conventional good looks to be a big star. Glenn has never believed himself good-looking—especially after he first arrived in Hollywood and a movie executive told him, "You're not exactly pretty, are you?" At the beginning they used "corrective make-up" on Glenn's rugged face. He won't let them touch it now. . . . Add incidental intelligence. . . . Orson Welles has his noses baked in hatches because he wears a different type of nose for every picture. Sir Laurence Olivier is another actor who likes a different schnozz for different pictures. For "Spartacus," Sir Larry has a fine Roman job. . . . No one has dared ask the English actor, by the way, about the status of his marriage with Vivien Leigh. They haven't seen each other for some time. And even before Sir Laurence came to the United States, he lived apart in the home of a London chum.

Ava Gardner has a dimple where she had a slight scar after she was kicked in the face by a bull a year and a half ago. No one has ever confirmed plastic surgery. And Ava isn't the kind of person to keep this sort of thing secret if it actually happened. The last fight with boy friend Walter Chiari took place in Australia and it seems to be the final fight. But again, with Ava you never know. . . . Lana Turner's fight with Otto Preminger over the wardrobe for "Anatomy Of A Murder," was a pity because the role Lana gave up for the dress, is very good. "She wanted glamour designer Jean Louis to make the dress," Otto told me, "but the part didn't call for it. I never allow my stars to tell me what they will wear."

Bob Hope didn't look well on his last television show, and he must listen to his doctors and take life and work easier. At the moment, Bob has two pictures planned for the summer and fall. . . . No one knew it, but Lucille Ball and Desi Arnaz had quite an argument before she took off for a month in New York. Lucy is smart. When the arguments come, as they come in every marriage, she just takes off until Desi cools down. She loves him and I doubt whether they would ever separate.

permanently. But of course there is always that last quarrel.

Gale Storm is 50% of one of the happiest marriages in our town. The secret could be that husband Lee Bonnell is in a completely different business—he sells life insurance. As Ronald Reagan said to her the other day, "It's almost impossible for husband and wife to be happy when both are in the business of acting." . . . The movie-makers are beating a path to the doorstep of handsome Chuck Connors, a big hit in "The Rifleman" series. Trouble is, Chuck is now so busy with television he can't find time to make the movies he would rather do.

Jayne Meadows will get a series of her own, while hubby Steve Allen does his weekly show from Hollywood. They bought a beautiful home in the valley. I hope the day will never come when Hollywood will be known only for television. But it wouldn't surprise me. Last week for instance, there were 17 movies being made here, and 70 telefilms. . . . David Liven tells the story that when he first told the late movie mogul, Louis B. Mayer, that he was planning to do television, L.B. yelled, "I'll break you and everyone else who deserts to the enemy." Now every studio has deserted to the enemy in every shape and form. **END**

Alone and Lonesome

continued from page 58

The captain of the crew on a cold day. Someone said her idea of a party dress was anything out of the bargain basement. Size doesn't matter. If she likes it, she'll wear it. When she heard that the 35 changes in fancy wardrobe she wore in "Ask Any Girl" would be awarded as prizes in a contest to help exploit the film, Shirley whispered to me: "You know, I think I'll even enter that contest."

Shirley's hair is as nonconformist as her clothes. "Do you go through the wind tunnel at Lockheed to get it mussed?" someone asked Shirley. "Oh, I never comb it," she giggled. "I like it floppy; it's easier to handle. I cut it myself. And I get ready to whack away when Sachie can't see me, or I her, otherwise she gets me confused with the sheep dog. My hair is never even in the back because I don't use a mirror and I never know where I hit."

But when the conversation turns to the Beatnik philosophy of life, Shirley MacAine can hit out with words of wisdom. "I understand Beatniks," she said, "but don't dig them. To me, the most wonderful thing in the world is the gift of being alive, and the important thing is how much you do with what you've got. Those who do nothing have missed the whole point of life. They've given up. This is the easiest thing and there are a lot of people who do that. It's simply self-indulgence and I don't dig that." **END**



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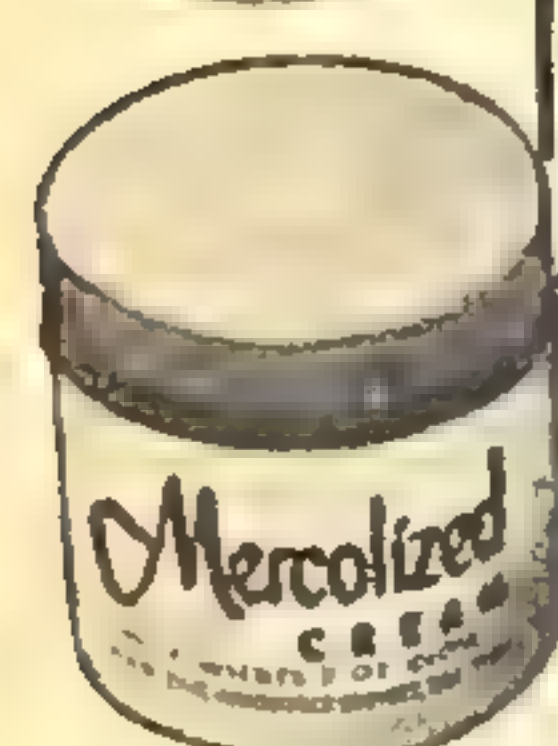
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"What I've Never Told Before"

continued from page 61

around an apartment, but I wouldn't do them anyway. Not when I can pay! I can remember when I had to mow lawns for a living, so why not give the odd jobs to some kid who needs the money. I never liked doing odd jobs, or stuck to any job that I didn't like. Maybe it all boils down to one simple truth—I'm lazy!"

Despite his genuine affability, no actor can achieve Jim Garner's lofty position and escape misunderstanding and criticism. Fortunately for him, he has a philosophic approach to life. He rarely loses his sense of humor and, unlike most actors, he possesses the rare ability to be objective about other people. For the record, here is exactly what he thinks and feels about the issues at hand.

"It's conceded that I refuse to give interviews, or pose for publicity pictures with my family. Yet I give dozens of interviews a year and never refuse to answer dignified questions on adult subjects. The publicity files are filled with thousands of clippings that show me with my family at various public places. So it all boils down to one contention—my refusing to allow an endless string of photographers into my home.

"Now I know it's part of their job and I understand their problem. But I understand my problem, too, and having precious little time to be with my family, they come first. You can't say yes to one photographer and not include all the others. Lois and I have gone into this thoroughly and she agrees that an actor does have his rights of privacy when he gets within his four walls. This includes his response to fans who mean so well, but aren't aware of the steady studio grind

and how much it takes out of an actor. "Take our mail man, for example. He's a most likable fellow, but one Sunday he brought over his entire family to meet me. I hadn't said more than a dozen words to Lois all week. Another time our new nurse let in five teenage girls. I was out of town, so they insisted on seeing Lois who was sick in bed. Finally, they asked for Kimberly, but she was at a friend's house. I've heard that nearby motels give our address to out-of-town guests and sometimes they ring our bell at six in the morning. They're all nice people, but it isn't right to disturb a household in this manner. So I just have to be firm and do the best I can. Out in public, however, the situation is reversed.

"When we're out for dinner, people come up to the table and tell me how much they like 'Maverick.' They bring over their friends, they ask for autographs and take snapshots. All this is quite in order, but a little rough on a wife who looks forward to dining out all week and has to sit there while her food gets cold. Lois understandably resented it until she pointed out that it means so much to these people. Now she can accept the situation graciously, because she realizes how much the fans enjoy themselves."

Once they get back in their home again, the Jim Garners close the door and resume their own private life. It's the only time they have to discuss the kids, check over bills, settle little family problems and plan for the future. But once back on the street again, thus exposed they expect to belong to the public in a sense and will always accept what comes along and accept it wholeheartedly. **END**

Teenage Sophisticate

continued from page 44

Love of language appears to be one of the planks of her seemingly joyous rapport with brainy friends like Mark Damon, but she insists they never send her notes in consequence of her interest in mastering new words.

"I never even heard of notes!" she laughs. "I don't get notes. I get novels. I think they send them to me either because it's something they want me to read and talk about, because it's something they found exhilarating in some form, or because they're just telling me I'm illiterate and should read more."

It would be merely window dressing, however, if the use of polysyllabic words was the only thing that distinguished Tuesday's speech. She expresses herself with spontaneity and picturesque originality, as well. She asked what I did with my note books, and I replied, lacking greater wit, that I auction them off.

"I just thought of something!" Tuesday blurted out. "I mean—the brain being an ink blot! I was thinking of the paper, the pen and the mind. The brain would be the ink blot that would absorb all the written things. So when you're auctioning off your note books, you might be auctioning off your brain!"

Tuesday constantly has brainstorming like that. Earlier that day, she had taken a psychology test at Hollywood Professional School. The examination consisted of a series of questions in which the students were asked to check their preferences in imaginary situations involving teenage behavior under a wide variety of circumstances. Only two possibilities were offered in each situation. As Tuesday went through the test, she had the feeling that there could be a third or fourth possibility not outlined. She refused, therefore, to check any of the

tions. Instead, she wrote at the bottom of the paper:

None of the choices is very choice." Tuesday, on the other hand, is quite nice—and sometimes choosy—about what she eats. She diets and feasts with equal enthusiasm. She may go for days without looking anything nourishing in the face—or she may do a complete turnabout, devouring knishes and eating bagels and cream cheese at Menblatt's Delicatessen on Sunset Strip, indulging herself on an exotic ten-course Chinese meal at George Lim's Kowloon. "I could die!" she exclaimed when she came to the Villa Capri. "I've been on a candy binge all week. I was on a diet for a week—one week! I ate nothing but hard boiled eggs, lettuce and celery, that kind of junk. But I've gone back. I really shot my bolt this week. I went to dinner last night, and started off with olives and Hershey bars, cheese, a pot of spaghetti and three ice cream cakes. After I've dieted a good length of time—a week is a good length of time—I always go off like that. I couldn't do anything this morning. I tried on dresses. That makes me think maybe I ought to start dieting again. I keep going tomorrow. It's beginning to be a case with me."

Meanwhile, she eats indiscriminate amounts of banana cream pie and cherry pies, tops off her steak and pepper dinner with spumoni, rum cake and cheese cake—and puts saccharine in her coffee! As far as any onlooker is able to perceive, none of it goes to fat. It all goes to beauty.

As frivolous as Tuesday may be about food crazes, she is quite solemn about her career. Although her professional life is notable for its absence of rejection, she distrusts her good fortune with the melancholy of someone nurtured on defeat. Even when Tuesday expresses a faint optimism, she takes care to break it as soon as possible with a compulsive net of pessimism.

"I'm not a star, but I will be," she declares with more conviction than she has. "Some year I will be."

She looks at her new-found recognition with a profoundly jaundiced eye that reveals a degree of introspection one wouldn't expect in a young girl so generously endowed with good looks, talent and opportunity.

"I'm a defeatist," she concedes with a shrug of her shoulders, ignoring the fact that if this be true she has gone very quickly on defeatism. "Actually in New York, I had a great desire just to be noticed. Now that I'm beginning to be noticed, I'm beginning to think it won't last. I just keep thinking it's pure luck. No, I thrive on misery." She says it with a Mona Lisa smile. "That's another thing. I must have misery. That's been true ever since I was born."

Tuesday hungers for acceptance and attention—and questions them when they are offered. Since coming to Hollywood,

she is less easily convinced than ever that she is appreciated for her own qualities—rather than as a status-symbol which her success in pictures seems to have made her. Even her affirmations bespeak this touching fear.

"I went to a party over the weekend," the experience seemed to leave her happy and incredulous. "I didn't know anyone there, and no one knew me. I wasn't dressed up. And everyone liked me! That meant a lot to me. I'm always testing."

Asked who she thinks she's really testing, she quickly nods, "Myself." Then she adds, "But I find myself testing acquaintances, not friends. You don't test friends. If I think I've found someone who might be a friend, who maybe I could trust, I won't test them. I won't play games—because life is too short."

She acknowledges that this is a fairly recent acquired wisdom.

"Like with a boy friend," she illustrates pensively. "I used to play games. I'd think he'd like me better if I did this, if I didn't see him too often, things like that. Those are such games. I feel that two friends should be able to let down the barriers. Selfishness is really what it is—because you don't want to get hurt, so you go back into the world of games. And it's not just playing games with boys, but with life—just playing games, deceiving for the sake of an impression, you know. It's better to tell the truth. It takes a long time so you can get to the point where you can say what you feel. I'd rather lose a friend by telling the truth than by telling a lie."

Truth, of course, is many things to many people. To Tuesday Weld, the truth is that all that is apparent, especially in the guise of friendship, is usually a good deal less than all there is.

"Getting recognition hasn't made any difference," she admits despairingly. "In fact, it even makes more of a limitation on a lot of things. You become more suspicious of people. It's like the night before you do a TV show you've got one friend who will see you just to talk with you. Then the night after you do a TV show, you've got 50 friends you never even knew about. That makes you lonelier than ever. You're lucky if you can have one real friend. Let's face it. It's funny when you think about it. You suffer so much because you don't have attention, because you're always being shoved in the background. Then when you get it, you don't trust it."

It was, as a result, quite a while before Tuesday was able to overcome her suspicion of the press. Somehow she felt as if their sudden interest, too, was an act of opportunism. In the beginning, she rebelled against publicity, and only lately has she come tentatively to terms with this fact of Hollywood life.

"I like interviews—some of them," she says jauntily now. "It's almost like going to an analyst, and there's no fee! You even get a dinner!"

continued on page 72

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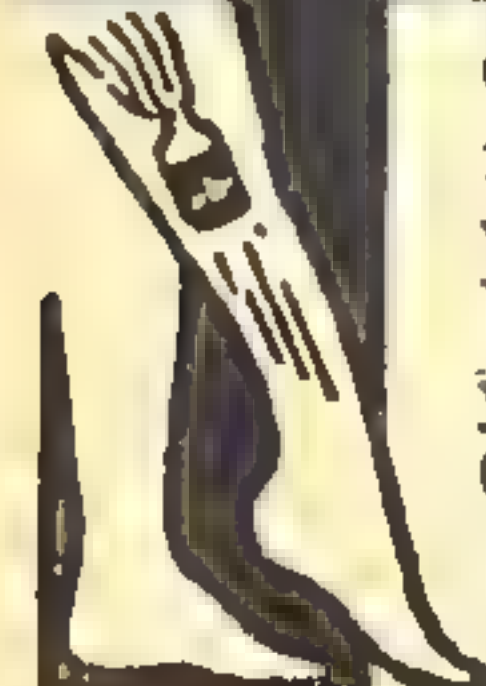
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TEENAGE SOPHISTICATE

continued

Happily, moods come and go with Tuesday, and she has many enthusiasms to compensate for her apprehensions. Not all of them—like her vacillating addiction to Sunset Strip coffee houses—are permanent enthusiasms, however.

"I used to like coffee houses," she told me one week, brushing it off like a passing phase. "I don't any more because I have other interests. You get into a pattern. It becomes a waste of time. In Hollywood, I found they were the only places where people met in the evenings. You could always find people and friends there. But after a while I got bored just sitting around for hours."

A week later, cheerfully exercising her feminine prerogatives, Tuesday was singing a different tune.

"I like them again," she chuckled. "I know I said I was tired of them. I don't know. I guess going in and seeing the same people and being seen in the same places constantly—it seemed sort of worthless. It lost all its fun. I guess I just missed them, though. Maybe I'm going back to find out if it's still worthless."

"I don't really think there is any beat generation," she says airily. "I think the whole thing is exaggerated. I think the people who are beat are beat only because of the way they dress and because they go to coffee houses and read poetry to music and beat bongo drums. You can do that in your own house. I don't consider myself a beatnik, but very often I go around in sneakers, jeans and a dirty shirt. I think it's the neglected younger set. It's done just to get attention."

She will concede only that extreme cases of non-conformity might qualify

some of the cats as bonafide beatniks

"I think you're really beatnik only that's all you ever do," she shrugs. "If you never change your outfit, if you never put on makeup, if you never do anything that's ever done by anyone else. I think it's very narrowing to a person. It tends to make you small minded, tight, one dimensional. One dimensional—yes, that's it!"

Despite her preference for older men Tuesday is not taken in by such subtleties as the beards sprouted by the most hirsute beatniks.

"I've never dated anyone with a beard," she shudders. "If it was someone like George Bernard Shaw I would, though. He'd have to be so fascinating I could resist him. I'd overlook the beard. I'm generally speaking, I think beards are a dirty looking."

The more she thinks about it, the more amusing she finds the subject.

"Young fellows with beards," she laughs at the image. "I think it's a little funny. I've talked with a few of them. I didn't even hear them. I was fixed on the beard, watching it move when the mouth moved. It's awfully strange."

Bearded beatniks, coffee houses, beat friends twice her age and more, honor beat citizenship in a world where no other minors are allowed, misery and exaltation, intellectual maturity and teenage exuberance—these all are elements in the whirling life of Tuesday Weld.

She may be only 15, verging on 16, but the world of adolescence is as far removed from her as kindergarten is from most teenagers. Signs that darkly exhort against trespassing by anyone under 18 may stop other 15-year-olds in trembling tracks, but they hold no terror for her. Tuesday Weld lives in a wondrous world of her own.

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DIARY

Aug 1st

Saw an ad for
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the ABC shorthand
decided to send
for FREE book

Aug 6th

Enrolled for
SPEEDWRITING
Course—Hope it's
easy as they say

Aug 13th

SPEEDWRITING'S
wonderful. I'm
enjoying every
minute of it

Sept 25th

Finished
SPEEDWRITING
TODAY! I did it
in SIX WEEKS
and now I'm
ready for
that BIG JOB!

Sept 30th

"u k gt a gd jb
& mo pa"
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said it in their ad
and I proved it!
I went from a
sales clerk job to
secretary to
a top New York
executive.





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